



FIVE MINUTES  
*DAILY READINGS*  
*OF POETRY*







1.25



25-

~~Jan. 1891~~

# FIVE MINUTES

Daily Readings of Poetry

"O that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses !"

*As You Like It.*

# FIVE MINUTES

## Daily Readings of Poetry

SELECTED BY

H. L. SIDNEY LEAR

AUTHOR OF 'FOR DAYS AND YEARS,' 'CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHIES,'  
ETC.

FIFTH EDITION

New York

THOMAS WHITTAKER

2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE

12/1/42  
12/1/42  
12/1/42

486555

AUG - 4 1942

## PREFACE

THIS little volume has its origin in a conversation I heard many years ago between my father and a celebrated man of the time, who spoke of his habit of daily learning by heart a few lines of poetry before leaving his dressing-room in the morning. And, he observed, it was astonishing what a useful stock of verses he had in that way collected. Perhaps this book may suggest some such habit to those who take it up; and it may also lead them to read authors who, in these busy days of ours, get crowded out.

I have to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of almost too many authors and publishers to enumerate—especially Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Blackwood, Cardinal Newman, Archbishop Trench, Lord Houghton, Mrs. C. Kingsley, Mrs. A. H. Clough, Miss C. Rossetti, Miss Jean Ingelow, Messrs. R. Browning, M. Arnold, F. Myers,

J. A. Symonds, etc. etc., as well as the authors of several hitherto unpublished poems, which they have kindly allowed to appear in this little book. To these and all others I offer hearty thanks.

H. L. SIDNEY LEAR.

THE CLOSE, SALISBURY,  
WHITSUNTIDE, 1882.

## DAILY READINGS

January 1.

### THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,  
That erst with music and triumphant song,  
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,  
Thro' the soft silence of the list'ning night,  
Now mourn; and if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere  
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease.  
Alas ! how soon our sin  
Sore doth begin,  
His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just !  
Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love !  
For we by rightful doom remediless,  
Were lost in death, till He, that dwelt above  
High-thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness ;

And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengefull justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 This day, but O ! ere long

Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near His Heart.

MILTON.

### January 2.

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARME me asleep, and melt me so  
 With thy delicious numbers,  
 That being ravisht, hence I go  
 Away in easie slumbers.  
 Ease my sick head,  
 And make my bed,  
 Thou power that canst sever  
 From me this ill ;  
 And quickly still,  
 Tho' thou but kill  
 My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
 From a consuming fire  
 Into a gentle-licking flame,  
 And make it thus expire.  
 Then make me weep  
 My paines asleep,  
 And give me such repoes,  
 That I, poore I,  
 May think, thereby,  
 I live and die  
 'Mongst roses.



Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden show'rs,  
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines,  
With thy soft straines ;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight  
I leave this light,  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

### January 3.

#### THE LEISURE OF MAN'S FIRST DEATHLESS LIFE.

MAN's life was spacious in the early world :  
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled,  
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled :  
Beheld the slow star-spaces of the skies,  
And grew from strength to strength through  
centuries :  
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,  
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns.  
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,  
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;  
But sweet beginnings were repeated still,  
Like infant-babblings that no task fulfil,  
For love, that loved not change, constrained the  
simple will.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Legend of Jubal*.

January 4.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

THOU shouldst have longer lived, and to the grave  
Have peacefully gone down in full old age ;  
Thy children would have tended thy gray hairs.  
We might have sate, as we have often done  
By our fireside, and talked whole nights away,  
Old times, old friends, and old events recalling,  
With many a circumstance of trivial note  
To memory dear, and of importance grown.  
How shall we tell them to a stranger's ear ?  
A wayward son oft-times I was to thee ;  
And yet, in all our little bickerings,  
Domestic jars, there was I know not what  
Of tender feeling that were ill exchanged  
For this world's chilling friendships, and their smiles  
Familiar, whom the heart calls strangers still.  
A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,  
Who lives the last of all his family !  
He looks around him, and his eye discerns  
The face of the stranger ; and his heart is sick.  
Man of the world, what canst thou do for him ?  
Wealth is a burthen which he could not bear ;  
Mirth a strange crime, the which he dare not act,  
And generous wines no cordial to his soul.  
For wounds like his, Christ is the only cure.  
Go, preach to him of a world to come,  
Where friends shall meet and know each other's  
face ;  
Say less than this, and say it to the winds !

CHARLES LAMB.

January 5.

FRIENDSHIP.

MAY I through life's uncertain tide  
Be still from pain exempt ;  
May all my wants be still supplied ;  
My state too low t' admit of pride,  
And yet above contempt.

But, should Thy Providence Divine  
A greater bliss intend,  
May all these blessings you design,  
If e'er those blessings shall be mine,  
Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK, 1720.

January 6.

SLEEP, Holy Babe !  
Upon Thy Mother's breast !  
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,  
How sweet it is to see Thee lie  
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe !  
Thine Angels watch around :  
All bending low, with folded wings,  
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,  
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe !  
While I with Mary gaze  
In joy upon that face awhile,  
Upon the loving infant smile,  
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe !  
Ah ! take Thy brief repose :  
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,  
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,  
That death alone shall close.

Then must these hands,  
Which now so fair I see ;  
Those little dainty feet of Thine  
So soft, so delicately fine,  
Be pierced and rent for me !

Then must that brow  
Its thorny crown receive ;  
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,  
Be drench'd with blood, and marr'd with blows,  
That I thereby may live.

E. CASWALL.

### January 7.

YOU know her meek sister ? Oh, soft is the fall  
Of her fairy footsteps on hut and on hall !  
To hide the old father's bleak doings below  
In pity she cometh, the ministering snow.  
With her mantle she covereth the shelterless trees,  
As they groan to the howl of the Borean breeze ;  
And baffles the search of the subtle wind,  
Guarding each crevice lest it should find  
Its moaning way to the fireless fold  
Of the trembling young, and the weeping old.  
When thro' her white bosom the daisy appears,  
She greets the fair stranger with motherly tears ;  
And they mingle so sweet with the golden ray  
Of the struggling beam that chides her away.

But where's the last speck of her brightness seen?  
'Mid the bursting spring and the saucy green?  
In the coldest side of yon lone churchyard,  
Neglected graves she loveth to ward;  
But not where gorgeous marble pleads,  
And frequent foot of mourner treads;  
But down by the stranger's noteless lair,  
Where sighs are few and footsteps rare,  
She loveth, she loveth to linger there!  
O'er hearts forgotten that sleep below,  
There is none to weep but the friendly snow.

THOM.

## January 8.

## HEART-COLDNESS.

FAIN would I wish what my heart cannot will :  
Between it and the fire a veil of ice  
Deadens the fire, so that I deal in lies ;  
My words and actions are discordant still.  
I love Thee with my tongue, then mourn my fill ;  
For love warms not my heart, nor can I rise,  
Or ope the doors of Grace, who from the skies  
Might flood my soul, and pride and passion kill.  
Rend Thou the veil, dear Lord ! Break Thou that  
wall,  
Which, with its stubbornness retards the rays  
Of that bright sun this earth hath dulled for me !  
Send down Thy promised light to cheer and fall  
On Thy fair spouse, that I with love may blaze,  
And, free from doubt, my heart feel only Thee. ~

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

## January 9.

## EARLY RISING.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.  
Give Him thy first thoughts ; then so shalt thou keep  
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should  
Dawn with the day ; there are set awful hours  
'Twixt Heaven and us ; the manna was not so good  
After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :  
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
And Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush  
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?  
O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign  
The whole unto Him, and remember who  
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.  
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,  
Then journey on, and have an eye to Heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries : the first world's youth,  
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,  
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth  
Is styl'd their star ; the store and hidden food.  
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which  
Should move,—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay :  
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load  
Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart  
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1695.

January 10.

DIRGE.

No tears, no sighing, no despair,  
No trembling dewy smile of care,  
    No mourning weeds ;  
Nought that discloses  
    ' A heart that bleeds.  
But looks contented I will bear,  
And o'er my cheeks strew roses,  
Unto the world I may not weep,  
But save my sorrow all, and keep  
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,  
As the great earth and swelling sea.

T. LOVELL BEDDOES.

## January 11.

GOLD banish'd honour from the mind,  
And only left the name behind ;  
Gold sowed the world with every ill ;  
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :  
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
In treachery's pernicious arts.  
Even virtue's self by knaves is made  
A cloak to carry on the trade ;  
And pow'r (when lodged in their possession)  
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,  
Gold is the canker of the breast :  
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,  
And every shocking vice beside.  
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
It blesses, like the dew of Heaven :  
Like Heaven it hears the orphan's cries,  
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes :  
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,  
Who pawned their sordid souls for pay.  
Let bravoës then, when blood is spilt,  
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

GAY.

## January 12.

## THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate  
Working in these walls of Time,  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.



Nothing useless is, or low ;  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house where God may dwell  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time ;  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

## January 13.

## CONTENT.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
 No chemic art can counterfeit ;  
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
 The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;  
 Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,  
 That much in little,—all in nought—Content.

*Unknown Author of the end  
 of the XVI. Century.*

## January 14.

## ARCITE'S DEATH.

AND with that word his speche faille began ;  
 For from his feet up to his brest was come  
 The cold of deth, that had him overnome.  
 And yet moreover in his armes two  
 The vital strength is lost, and all ago,  
 Only the intellect, withouten more,  
 That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,  
 Gan faillen, when the herte felte deth ;  
 Dusked his eyen two, and failed his breth,  
 But on his ladie yet cast he his eye ;  
 His last word was, Mercy, Emelie !  
 His spirit changed hous, and wente ther,  
 And as I came never I cannot tellen wher.

. . . . .

No men might gladen this Duk Theseus,  
Saving his olde fader Egeus,  
That knew this worldes transmutatioun,  
As he had seen it chaungen up and down,  
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse ;  
And shewed him ensample and likenesse.  
Right as ther died never man (quod he),  
That he ne lived in erth in som degree,  
Right so ther lived never man (he seyde)  
In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.  
This world n' is but a thurghfare ful of wo,  
And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro :  
Deth is an end of every worldes sore.

CHAUCER, *The Knight's Tale*.

### January 15.

#### THE PRESENT.

— WE live not in our moments or our years—  
The Present we fling from us like the rind  
Of some sweet Future, which we after find  
Bitter to taste, or bind that in with fears,  
And water it beforehand with our tears—  
Vain tears for that which never may arrive :  
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,  
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.  
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours  
Whate'er of good, tho' small, the present brings—  
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,  
With a child's pure delight in little things ;  
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,  
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

January 16.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,  
How to vex and how to please ;  
But the folly of her sex  
Makes her sole delight to vex.  
Never woman more devised  
Surer ways to be despised ;  
Paradoxes weakly wielding,  
Always conquer'd, never yielding. —  
To dispute, her chief delight,  
With not one opinion right ;  
Thick her arguments she lays on,  
And with cavils combats reason ;  
Answers in decisive way,  
Never hears what you can say ;  
Still her odd perverseness shows  
Chiefly where she nothing knows.  
And where she is most familiar,  
Always peevisher and sillier ;  
All her spirits in a flame  
When she knows she's most to blame. —  
Send me hence ten thousand miles  
From a face that ever smiles ;  
None could ever act that part  
But a fury at her heart.  
Ye who hate such inconsistency,  
To be easy keep your distance !  
Or in folly still befriend her,  
But have no concern to mend her.  
Lose no time to contradict her,  
Nor endeavour to convict her.  
Never take it in your thought

That she'll own or cure a fault  
 Into contradiction warm her,  
 Then perhaps you may reform her !  
 Only take this rule along,  
 Always to advise her wrong ;  
 And reprove her when she's right,  
 She may then grow wise for spite.  
 / No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,  
 She has better learnt her creed ;  
 She's too cunning and too skilful  
 When to yield, and when be wilful. —  
 Nature holds her forth two mirrors,  
 One for truth and one for errors !  
 That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful,  
 This is flattering and delightful :  
 That she throws away as foul ;  
 Sits by this to dress her soul.  
 Thus you have the case in view,  
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you ;  
 Heaven forbid he should despise thee,  
 But will never more advise thee !

SWIFT.

## January 17.

NOT a thing  
 Is by itself, in joy or suffering.  
 But she whom you have ta'en, and like a leaven  
 With your existence kneaded, must be ever  
 Another—scarce *another*, self of thine.

She breathes away her weary days and nights  
 Among cold, hard-eyed men, and hides behind  
 A quiet face of woe : but there are things,—  
 A song, a face, a picture, or a word,—

Which, by some semblance, touch her heart to tears,  
 And music, starting up among the strings  
 Of a wind-shaken harp, undoes her secrecy,—  
 Rolls back her life to the first starry hour  
 Whose flower-fed air you used, to speak of love ;  
 And then she longs to throw her bursting breast,  
 And shut out sorrow with Orazio's arms  
 Thus—Oh, my Husband !

*The Second Brother.*

January 18.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking  
 What I am, and what I ought to be,  
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me  
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send :  
 "Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me  
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end !

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,  
 On my heart your mighty charm renew ;  
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you  
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you !"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
 In the rustling night-air came the answer :  
 "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
 Undistracted by the sights they see,  
 These demand not that the things without them  
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll ;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting  
All the fever of some differing soul.

“Bounded by themselves, and unregardful  
In what state God’s other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring ;  
These attain the mighty life you see.”

Oh, air-born voice ! long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear :  
“Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he  
Who finds himself, loses his misery !”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

January 19.

WITH partial hands the gods their gifts dispense,  
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense ;  
Here Heav’n an elegance of form denies,  
But wisdom the defect of form supplies :  
This man with energy of thought controls,  
And steals with modest violence our souls ;  
He speaks reserv’dly, but he speaks with force,  
Nor can one word be chang’d but for a worse.  
In public more than mortal he appears,  
And as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres,  
While others beauteous as th’ ethereal kind,  
The nobler portion want,—a knowing mind.  
In outward show Heav’n gives thee to excel,  
But Heav’n denies the praise of thinking well.

POPE’S *Odyssey*, Book viii. 185.

January 20.

## GRIEF.

THUS cavils she with everything she sees :  
True grief is fond and testy as a child  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare :  
No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
And as one shifts another straight ensues :  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning joy  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody,  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company.  
Grief is best pleas'd with grief's society :  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathis'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows :  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Rape of Lucrece*.



January 21.

## DYING.

WHY will ye call it "Death's dark night"?  
Death is the entrance into Light;  
Behind its cloudy purple gates  
The Everlasting Morning waits.

Then fear not Death, its pains, its strife,  
Its weakness—these belong to life:  
Death is the moment when they cease,  
When Christ says "Come," and all is peace.

Once, in the silence of the night,  
A maiden lay with smiles of light,  
Her blue eyes gazing open wide,  
And a few violets by her side.

Her mother asked her why she smiled,  
What pleasant thoughts the time beguiled?  
She answered her with gentle breath,  
"Thoughts of the sweetness found in Death."

Death was but as her dark-hued flowers,  
Exhaling sweetness through the hours,  
Till, ere the early dawn could be,  
She breathed into Eternity.

C. M. NOEL.

January 22.

## DREAMS.

PRINCE HENRY, *log.*—

"I CANNOT sleep! my fervid brain  
Calls up the vanished past again,  
And throws its misty splendours deep  
Into the pallid realms of sleep!  
A breath from that far distant shore

Comes freshening ever more and more,  
And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odours from the Hesperides !  
A wind, that thro' the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
And touching the Æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings !  
Come back, ye friendships long departed !  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun !  
Come back, ye friends whose lives are ended !  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away !

“They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
That have been, and shall be no more !  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight ;  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers !  
I would not sleep ! I love to be  
Again in their fair company ;  
But ere my lips can bid them stay  
They pass and vanish quite away !  
Alas ! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place ;  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain ;  
The rest we cannot reinstate,  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony !”

LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*.

January 23.

## HEAVEN'S ECHOES.

WHO will show me those delights on high?

*Echo* : I.

Thou Echo, thou art mortal ! all men know.

*Echo* : No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?

*Echo* : Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide?

*Echo* : Bide.

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.

*Echo* : Holy.

Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse?

*Echo* : Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?

*Echo* : Light.

Light to the minde : what shall the will enjoy?

*Echo* : Joy.

But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?

*Echo* : Leisure.

Light, Joy, and Leisure ; but shall they persever?

*Echo* : Ever.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church*.

January 24.

## PARTING.

PARTING, to meet no more ! hard to the ear,  
 But warm'd 'neath Meditation's brooding wing,  
 Disclosing sweet and solemn thoughts, that here  
 We are but strangers, homeward journeying :  
 And whatso'er of good a gleam may fling  
 On the receding bank, our course to cheer,  
 As down the stream we sail, in some new sphere

May wake again, like some forgotten thing  
 Seen in a dream. Yet, howsoe'er it seem,  
 Sure it were well to leave it all to Him.  
 Him if we seek in all things, in all things  
 Him shall we find, and nearer than we deem :  
 If but the eye be single, Love the wings  
 Shall find, and soar to hymns of Seraphim.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

### January 25.

SAINT PAUL.

CHRIST! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you,  
 Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed ;  
 Lo ! with no winning words I would entice you,  
 Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,  
 Yes, without stay of father or of son,  
 Lone on the land and homeless on the water,  
 Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Let no man think that sudden in a minute  
 All is accomplished and the work is done ;  
 Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst  
 begin it,  
 Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.

"What," ye will say, "and thou who at Damascus  
 Sawest the splendour, answeredst the voice,  
 So hast thou suffered and canst dare to ask us,  
 Paul of the Romans, bidding us rejoice?"

Shame on the flame so dying to an ember !  
 Shame on the reed so lightly overset !

Yes, I have seen him, can I not remember?

Yes, I have known him, and shall Paul forget?

I, even I who from the fleshly prison

Caught (I believe it, but I dare not say),

Rose to the midlight of the Lord arisen,

Woke to the waking rapture of the day.

Ah! they are shut, the ears of my divining,

Sealed are the eyes that should have seen Him  
then ;

Look what a beam from the Beloved shining !

Look what a night of treasonable men !

What was their tale of some one on a summit,

Looking, I think, upon the endless sea,—

One with a fate, and sworn to overcome it,

One who was fettered, and who should be free?

Round him a robe, for shaming and for searing,

Ate with empoisonment and stung with fire,

He thro' it all was to his lord uprearing

Desperate patience of a brave desire.

Ay, and for me there shot from the beginning

Pulses of passion broken with my breath ;

Oh, thou poor soul, enwrapped in such a sinning,

Bound in the shameful body of thy death !

Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting ;

Well, let me die, but willing to be whole :

Never, O Christ,—so stay me from relenting,—

Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul !

Also I ask, but ever from the praying

Shrinks my soul backward, eager and afraid ;

Point me the sum and shame of my betraying,

Show me, O Love, Thy wounds that I have made !

Yes, thou forgivest, but with all forgiving  
Canst not renew mine innocence again :  
Make Thou, O Christ, a dying of my living,  
Purge from the sin, but never from the pain !

So shall all speech of now and of to-morrow,  
All He hath shown me or shall show me yet,  
Spring from an infinite and tender sorrow,  
Burst from a burning passion of regret !

Standing afar, I summon you anigh Him ;  
Yes, to the multitudes I shout and say,  
"This is my King ! I preach and I deny Him ;  
Christ ! whom I crucify anew to-day !"

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

### January 26.

#### SONG.

DRY those fair, those crystal eyes,  
Which like growing fountains rise  
To drown their banks : Grief's sullen brooks  
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.  
Thy lovely face was never meant  
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,  
Which else portend a lasting rain,  
Lest the clouds which settle there  
Prolong my winter all the year,  
And thy example others make  
In love with sorrow, for thy sake.

Dr. KING, Bp. of Chichester,  
*born 1591.*

## January 27.

## UPON HIS WHITE HAIRS.

THESE hairs of age are messengers  
Which bid me fast repent and pray ;  
They be of death the harbingers  
That doth prepare and dress the way,  
Wherefore I joy that you may see  
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length  
How far my race was for to run ;  
They say my youth is fled with strength,  
And how old age is well begun ;  
The which I feel, and you may see  
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,  
Whose music is harmonical ;  
Their tunes declare a time from ground  
I came, and how thereto I shall :  
Wherefore I love that you may see  
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,  
No worse them take than I have meant,  
That after they be laid in grave,  
Their souls may joy their lives well spent.  
God grant, likewise, that you may see  
Upon my head such hairs to be.

LORD VAUX, *King Henry VIII.*

January 28.

LOVE.

‘SHEPHERD, what’s Love? I pray thee tell.”

“It is that fountain and that well  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;  
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell  
That tolls us all to Heaven or hell,  
And this is Love, as I heard tell.”

“Yet what is Love? I prithee say.”

“It is a work on holiday;  
It is December match’d with May,  
When lusty blood’s in fresh array,  
And this is Love, as I hear say.”

“Yet what is Love? good Shepherd, sain.”

“It is a sunshine mixt with rain;  
It is a toothache, or like pain;  
It is a game where none doth gain;  
The lass saith no, and would full fain,  
And this is Love, as I hear sain.”

“Yet, Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?”

“It is a yea, it is a nay,  
A pretty kind of sporting fray;  
It is a thing will soon away;  
Then, nymphs, take vantage while you may,  
And this is Love, as I hear say.”

“And what is Love, Good Shepherd, show.”

“A thing that creeps, that cannot go;  
A prize that passeth to and fro;  
A thing for one, a thing for moe,  
And he that proves, shall find it so.”

“And, Shepherd, this is Love, I trow.”

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



## January 29.

OH ! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live ;  
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves—Sweet roses do not so,  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made ;  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade my verse distils your truth.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet LIV.*

## January 30.

## MAJESTY IN MISERY.

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power  
springs  
The potency and power of kings,  
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;  
And teach my tongue, that ever did confine  
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,  
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.  
Nature and law, by Thy divine decree  
(The only root of righteous royaltie),  
With this dim diadem invested me ;

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,  
The holy unction, and the royal globe ;  
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread  
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,  
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,  
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
Revenge and robbery are reformation,  
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),  
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,  
Pious episcopacy must go down,  
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd and schismaticks are freed,  
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,  
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all factions foster,  
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,  
*Extempore* excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed  
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :  
With such a bloody method and behaviour  
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb  
So many princes legally have come,  
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :  
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,  
In the King's name the King himself's uncrown'd,  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant  
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,  
To make me great, to advance my diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones,  
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,  
To prove the king a traytor to the State.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,  
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, sacred Saviour, with Thy words I woo  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to  
Such as Thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed  
As to condemn those edicts He appointed,  
How can they prize the power of His anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,  
 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,  
 Yet, though we perish, Bless this Church and State !

KING CHARLES I., *Written*  
*in Carisbrooke Castle, 1648.*

January 31.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,  
 Many long weary days I have outworn,  
 And many nights that slowly seem'd to move  
 Their sad protract from evening until morn.  
 For where as day the heaven doth adorn,  
 I wish that night the noyous day would end ;  
 And when as night hath us of light forlorn,  
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.  
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
 And fain my grief with changes to beguile,  
 That further seems his term still to extend,  
 And maketh every minute seem a mile.  
 So sorrow still doth seem too long to last, —  
 But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SPENSER, *Sonnet LXXVVI.*

## February I.

## CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with rosemary and bayes,  
Down with the misleto,  
Instead of holly now upraise  
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;  
Let box now domineere,  
Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
Or Easter's Eve appeare.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace  
Your houses to renew,  
Grown old, surrender must his place  
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,  
And many flowers beside,  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne,  
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,  
With cooler oken boughs,  
Come in for comely ornaments  
To readorn the house.

Thus times do shift, each thing his turne do's hold  
New things succeed as former things grow old.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

## February 2.

PARVUM QUANDO CERNO DEUM.

OFF as Thee, my Infant Saviour,  
In Thy Mother's arms I view,  
Straight a thousand thrilling raptures  
Overflow my heart anew.

Happy Babe ! and happy Mother !  
Oh how great your bliss must be !  
Each enfolded in the other,  
Sipping pure felicity !

As the sun from darkness springing,  
Breathes a charm o'er nature's face ;  
So the Child to Mary clinging  
Decks her with diviner grace.

As the limpid dew descending,  
Lies impearl'd upon the rose ;  
So their mutual beauty blending,  
In transporting union glows.

As when early spring advances,  
Flowers unnumbered throng the mead,  
Such the countless loving glances  
That in turn from each proceed.

Lovely Jesus ! gentle Brother !  
How I wish a smile from Thee,  
Meant for Thy immortal Mother,  
Only might alight on me !

E. CASWALL.

## February 3.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
 For then the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow  
     fords,  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
     words.

SHAKESPEARE, *Rape of Lucrece*.

## February 4.

## LIFE.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part ;  
 And when, or how, or where we met  
 I own to me's a secret yet.  
 Life ! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;  
 Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me "Good-morning."

Mrs. BARBAULD.

## February 5.

## THE PERFECT DAY.

DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,  
 The mists are thick that through the valley roll,  
 But as I tread I cheer my heart and say,  
 When the Day breaks the shadows flee away.

---

Unholy phantoms from the deep arise,  
And gather thro' the gloom before mine eyes ;  
But all shall vanish at the dawning ray—  
When the Day breaks the shadows flee away.

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,  
Burning and shining must it ever be,  
And I must tend it till the night decay—  
Till the Day breaks and shadows flee away.

He maketh all things good unto His own,  
For them in every darkness light is strewn ;  
He will make good the gloom of this my day—  
Till that Day break and shadows flee away.

He will be near me in the awful hour,  
When the last Foe shall come in blackest power ;  
And He will hear me when at last I pray,  
Let the Day break and shadows flee away.

In Him, my God, my glory, I will trust :  
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust !  
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay—  
His day will break, those shadows flee away ! Amen.

S. J. STONE.

### February 6.

#### ETERNITY.

ONE morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,



Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad sweet sunshine lay without,  
Filling the summer air ;  
And within the woodlands as he trod,  
The twilight was like the Truce of God  
With worldly woe and care ;  
Under him lay the golden moss,  
And above him the boughs of the hem-  
lock trees

Waved, and made the sign of the Cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites ;  
And from the ground  
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant  
Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
On the volume in his hand,  
A volume of St. Augustine,  
Wherein he read of the great unseen  
Splendours of God's great town  
In the unknown land,  
And with his eyes cast down  
In humility, he said—  
“ I believe, O God,  
What herein I have read,  
But alas ! I do not understand ! ”

And lo ! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snowwhite bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing  
So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harpstrings ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
And long, long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw as in a vision,  
The land Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.  
And he would fain  
Have caught the wondrous bird,  
But strove in vain ;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing,  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing,  
For the service of noonday.  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste

In the convent there was a change !  
He looked for each well-known face,  
But the faces were new and strange ;  
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chanted in the choir ;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold, gray stone,  
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood.  
“Forty years,” said a Friar,  
“Have I been Prior

Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld thy face !”  
The heart of the Monk Felix fell,  
And he answered with submissive tone,  
“ This morning after the hour of prime,  
I left my cell,  
And wandered forth alone,  
Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers.  
It was as if I dreamed ;  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours !”  
“ Years !” said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall ;—  
He was the oldest monk of all,  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of His creatures.  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow,  
“ One hundred years ago,  
When I was a novice in this place,  
There was here a monk, full of God’s grace,  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and this man must be the same.”

And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of day

A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent, since it was edified.  
And there they found,  
Just as the old monk said,  
That on a certain day and date,  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent gate  
The Monk Felix, and never more  
Had entered that sacred door.  
He had been counted among the dead !  
And they knew at last,  
That such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song,  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour !

LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*.

### February 7.

#### GONE.

THE voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key ;  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day ;  
Those now by me as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard or seen,  
But what I once enjoyed in them,  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;  
So little hold of them have we,  
That we from them, as they from us,  
May in a moment ravished be.  
Yet we are neither just nor wise  
If present mercies we despise ;  
Or mind not how there may be made  
A thankful use of what we had.

G. WITHER.

### February 8.

IF sorrow came not near us, and the lore  
Which wisdom-working sorrow best imparts,  
Found never time of entrance to our hearts ;—  
If we had won already a safe shore,  
Or if our changes were already o'er,  
Our pilgrim being we might quite forget ;  
Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,  
Where there shall be no sorrow any more ;  
Therefore we will not be unwise to ask  
This, nor secure exemption from our share  
Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task—  
Not this, but grace our portion so to bear,  
That we may rest when grief and pain are over,  
With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

### February 9.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :  
Such a Way, as gives us breath,  
Such a Truth, as ends all strife,  
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength ;  
Such a Light, as shows a feast ;  
Such a Feast, as mends in length ;  
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :  
Such a Joy, as none can move ;  
Such a Love, as none can part ; —  
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church.*

### February 10.

WHAT can we do, o'er whom the unbeholden  
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope ?  
What but look sunward, and with faces golden  
Speak to each other softly of a hope ?

Can it be true, the grace He is declaring ?  
Oh let us trust Him, for His words are fair !  
Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing ?  
God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.

Truly He cannot, after such assurance,  
Truly He cannot, and He shall not fail ;  
Nay, they are known, the hours of thine endurance,  
Daily thy tears are added to the tale.

Never a sigh of passion or of pity,  
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,  
Has not its archive in the Angels' city,  
Finds not its echo in the endless song.

Not as one blind and deaf to our beseeching,  
Neither forgetful that we are but dust,  
Not as from heavens too high for our up-reaching,  
Coldly sublime, intolerably just.

Nay, but Thou knewest us, Lord Christ, Thou knowest,

Well Thou rememberest our feeble frame,  
Thou canst conceive our highest and our lowest,  
Pulses of nobleness and aches of shame.

Therefore have pity ! not that we accuse Thee,—  
Curse Thee and die and charge Thee with our woe ;

Not thro' Thy fault, O Holy One, we lose Thee,  
Nay, but our own,—yet hast Thou made us so !

Then though our foul and limitless transgression  
Grows with our growing, with our breath began,  
Raise Thou the arms of endless intercession,  
Jesus, divinest when Thou most art Man.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS, *Saint Paul*.

### February 11.

“THOU speakest carelessly of death,  
And yet thou knowest not what it is ?”

“’Tis the cessation of our breath ;  
Silent and motionless we lie,  
And no one knoweth more than this.  
I saw our little Gertrude die ;  
She left off breathing, and no more  
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head ;  
She was more beautiful than before ;  
Like violets faded were her eyes,  
By this we knew that she was dead.  
Thro’ the open windows looked the skies  
Into the chamber where she lay,  
And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
As if angels came to bear her away.

Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,  
I found it difficult to stay ;  
I longed to die as she had died,  
And go forth with her, side by side.  
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,  
And Mary and our Lord, and I  
Would follow in humility  
The way by them illumined !”

LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*.

### February 12.

#### THOU KNOWEST.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed :  
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet,—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the  
pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear !  
All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone !



Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness  
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
 Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,  
 And the dark river to be crossed at last :  
 Oh, what could confidence and hope afford  
 To tread that path, but this, “Thou knowest, Lord !”

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing,  
 As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;  
 On earth, with purest sympathies o’erflowing,  
 O Saviour, Thou hast wept and Thou hast loved ;  
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come  
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,  
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;  
 Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,  
 And follow on to know as I am known.

### February 13.

#### CELESTIAL LOVE.

I SAW no mortal beauty with these eyes  
 When perfect peace in thy fair eyes I found ;  
 But far within, where all is holy ground,  
 My soul felt Love, her comrade of the skies :  
 For she was born with God in Paradise ;  
 Else should we still to transient loves be bound ;  
 But finding these so false, we pass beyond  
 Unto the Love of loves that never dies.  
 Nay, things that die cannot assuage the thirst  
 Of souls undying ; nor Eternity  
 Serves Time, where all must fade that flourisheth.

Sense is not love, but lawlessness accurst :

This kills the soul, while our love lifts on high  
Our friends on earth—higher in heaven thro'  
death.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

### February 14.

#### BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seem'd  
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,  
Thy place in Paradise  
Beyond where I could soar,

Friend of this worthless heart ! But happier thoughts  
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,  
Where patiently thou tak'st  
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air  
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;  
While Memory, by thy grave,  
Lives o'er thy funeral day ;

The deep knell dying down, the mourner's pause,  
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—  
Sure with the words of Heaven  
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustomed way  
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld  
The pageant of sad joy,  
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O ! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise  
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched  
    The sacred springs of grief  
    More tenderly and true,

Than those deep warbled anthems, high and low,  
Low as the grave, high as the Eternal Throne,  
    Guiding through light and gloom  
    Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,  
Around the western twilight, all subside  
    Into a placid Faith,  
    That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall ;  
So many relics of a frail love lost,  
    So many tokens dear  
    Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream : th' Apostles' trump  
Gives earnest of the Archangels' ;—calmly now  
    Our hearts yet beating high  
    To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge  
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust  
    Our treasure for a while :  
    And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow  
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth  
    Touches the coffin lid ;  
    If at our brother's name

Once and again the thought "for ever gone,"  
Come o'er us like a cloud, yet, gentle spright,  
    Thou turnest not away,  
    Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,  
Till we too sleep, and our long sleep be o'er :  
Oh, cleanse us, ere we view  
That countenance pure again.

Thou, who canst change the heart and raise the dead !  
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,  
Be ready when we meet,  
With Thy dear pardoning words.

JOHN KEBLE.

*February 15.*

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and  
the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was  
his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she  
beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence  
and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
was not ;  
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,  
but transfigured ;  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead  
and not absent ;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
with aroma ;  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her  
Saviour.

LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*.

### February 16.

#### A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau  
If birds confabulate or no ;  
'Tis clear that they were always able  
To hold discourse, at least in fable ;  
And even the child, who knows no better  
Than to interpret by the letter,  
A story of a cock and bull,  
Must have a most uncommon skull.  
It chanced, then, on a wintry day,  
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,  
The birds, conceiving a design  
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,  
In many an orchard, copse, and grove  
Assembled on affairs of love,  
And with much twitter and much chatter,  
Began to agitate the matter.  
At length a Bullfinch who could boast  
More years and wisdom than the most,

Intreated, opening wide his beak,  
A moment's liberty to speak ;  
And, silence publicly enjoined,  
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind :—  
“My friends ! be cautious how ye treat  
The subject upon which we meet ;  
I fear we shall have winter yet.”  
A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,  
With golden wing and satin poll,  
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
What marriage means, thus pert replied :—  
“Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,  
“Opposite in the apple tree,  
By his goodwill would keep us single  
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,  
Or (which is likelier to befall),  
Till death exterminate us all ;  
I marry without more ado,  
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?”  
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,  
Turning short round, strutting, and sideling,  
Attested glad his approbation  
Of an immediate conjugation.  
Their sentiments so well express'd  
Influenced mightily the rest ;  
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.  
But though the birds were thus in haste,  
The leaves came on not quite so fast,  
And Destiny that sometimes bears  
An aspect stern on man's affairs  
Not altogether smiled on theirs.  
The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,  
Now shifted east and east by north !  
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,  
Could shelter them from rain or snow ;  
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,  
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled.

Soon every father bird and mother  
Grew quarrelsome and peck'd each other ;  
Parted without the least regret,  
Except that they had ever met,  
And learn'd in future to be wiser,  
Than to neglect a good adviser.

## MORAL.

Misses ! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry !

COWPER.

## February 17.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars in the  
sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of his foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew  
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But thro' it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

*February 18.*

CAN I see another's woe  
And not be in sorrow too ?  
Can I see another's grief  
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear  
And not feel my sorrow's share ?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear ?  
No, no ! never can it be !  
Never, never can it be !

And can He Who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small birds' grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear—



And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast?  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
Oh no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by;  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,  
That our grief He may destroy;  
Till our grief is fled and gone,  
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*February 19.*

ARE there not, then, two musics unto men?  
One loud and bold and coarse  
And overpowering still perforce  
All tone and tune beside;  
Yet in despite its pride  
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
And sounding solely in the sounding head:  
The other, soft and low,  
Stealing whence we not know,  
Painfully heard and easily forgot,

With pauses oft and many a silence strange  
 (And silent oft it seems when silent it is not),  
 Revivals too of unexpected change :  
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,  
 Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :  
     Yet turn to other none,—  
     Turn not, oh turn not thou !  
 But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may,  
 Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?  
A. H. CLOUGH.

### February 20.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

##### Song of a Cavalier's Mother.

HE died the beautiful death,  
     For the Church and for the King !  
 Shall his mother shed a single tear,  
 While yet so proudly she can hear  
     His war-cry ring—  
 So fiercely strong, so sweetly clear—  
     " For Church and King " ?

He died the beautiful death,  
     My own brave boy :  
 And—break tho' it may it in its desolate ruth—  
 Thy mother's heart for thy loyal truth  
     Hath passionate joy !  
 Dead though thou art in thy strength and youth,  
     My glorious boy !

He died the beautiful death,  
     Last of his race :  
 I saw him slain from the castle wall,  
 The last and the dearest one left to recall  
     His father's face :

The last and the noblest and fairest of all  
Of the ancient race.

But he died the beautiful death,  
For the Church and the King !  
And none shall see me shed one tear,  
While yet o'er sorrow my soul can hear  
The war-cry ring—  
So fiercely strong, so sweetly clear—  
“For Church and King !”

S. J. STONE.

February 21.

O GLOTONIE, full of cursednesse ;  
O cause first of our confusion,  
O original of our damnation,  
Til Crist had bought us with His Blood agen.  
Loketh, how dere, shortly for to sain  
Abought was thilke cursed vilaine :  
Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.  
Adam, our father, and his wif also  
Fro' Paradis, to labour and to wo,  
Were driven for that vice, it is no drede,  
For while that Adam fasted, as I rede,  
He was in Paradise, and whan that he  
Ete of the fruit defended on a tree,  
Anon he was cast out to wo and peine.  
O glotonie, on thee wel ought us plaine.  
O wist in man how many maladies  
Folwen of excesse and of glotonies,  
He wolde ben the more mesurable  
Of his diete, sitting at his table.

CHAUCER, *Pardonere's Tale*.

February 22.

LENT.

WELCOME, deare feast of Lent : who loves not thee,  
He loves not Temperance, nor Authoritie,  
But is composed of passion.  
The Scriptures bid us fast, the Church says Now :  
Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow  
To ev'ry corporation.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;  
Yet to go part of that religious way  
Is better than to rest :  
We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie ;  
Yet we are bid, " Be holy ev'n as He !"  
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,  
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one  
That travelleth by-ways.  
Perhaps my God, though He be farre before,  
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,  
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast  
By starving sinne, and taking such repast  
As may our faults controle :  
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,  
Not in his parlour ; banquetting the poore,  
And among those his soul.

GEORGE HERBERT.

February 23.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY ! what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?  
What are the blessings of the sight ?  
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright ;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I always keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe ;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy ;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy !

COLLEY CIBBER, 1671-1737.

*February 24.*

LET not soft slumber close your eyes,  
Before you've recollected thrice  
The train of action through the day !  
Where have my feet chose out their way ?  
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen ?  
What know I more that's worth the knowing ?  
What have I done that's worth the doing ?  
What have I sought that I should shun ?  
What duty have I left undone ?  
Or into what new follies run ?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That leads to virtue and to God.

WATTS.

*February 25.*

THOU cam'st not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee ;  
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,  
Do not for this give room to discontent ;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment ;  
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
That without which all goodness were a task  
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :  
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,  
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,  
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

February 26.

SEPARATION.

A THOUSAND pretty ways we'll think upon  
To mock our separation.

Alas ! ten thousand will not do :

My heart will thus no longer stay,

No longer 'twill be kept from you,

But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,

I seek with verse my griefs t' appease ;

That as a bird that flies about,

And beats itself against the cage,

Finding at last no passage out,

It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

COWLEY.

February 27.

LOVE OF SELF AND GOD.

THIS love of self sinks man in sinful sloth :

Yet, if he seek to live, he needs must feign

Sense, goodness, courage. Thus he dwells in  
pain,

As sphinx, twy-souled, a false self-stunted growth.

Honours, applause, and wealth, these torments  
soothe ;

Till jealousy, contrasting his foul stain

With virtues eminent, by spur and rein

Drives him to slay, steal, poison, break his oath.

But he who loves our common Father, hath  
All men for brothers, and with God doth joy  
In whatsoever worketh for their bliss.  
Good Francis called the birds upon his path,  
Brethren ; to him the fishes were not coy.—  
Oh, blest is he that comprehendeth this !

CAMPANELLA (J. A. SYMONDS).

*February 28.*

THE soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

ADDISON.

*February 29.*

FOR many books I care not, and my store  
Might now suffice me, tho' I had no more  
Than God's two Testaments, and therewithal  
That mighty volume which the world we call !  
For these well look'd on, well in mind preserved,  
The present age's passages observed,  
My private actions seriously o'er-viewed,  
My thoughts recall'd, and what of them ensued,  
Are books, which better far instruct me can,  
Than all the other paper-works of man :  
And some of these I may be reading, too,  
Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

GEORGE WITHER.



## March 1.

## ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild North-Easter !  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr ;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black North-Easter !  
O'er the German foam ;  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air.  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day :  
Jovial wind of winter,  
Turns us out to play !  
Sweep the golden reed beds ;  
Crisp the lazy dyke ;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;  
Fill the marsh with snipe ;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Thro' the black fir forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! the brave North-Easter,  
Breast high lies the scent,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Thro' the sleet and snow.  
Who can over-ride you ?  
Let the horses go !  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast ;  
You shall see a fox die,  
Ere an hour be past.  
Go ! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious south wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen ?  
'Tis the hard gray weather  
Breeds hard Englishmen.  
What's the soft south-wester ?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true-loves  
Out of all the seas ;  
But the black North-Easter,  
Thro' the snowstorm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.

Come ! and strong within us  
Stir the Viking's blood ;  
Bracing brain and sinew ;  
Blow, thou wind of God !

C. KINGSLEY.

### March 2.

HE who for love has undergone  
The worst that can befall  
Is happier thousandfold than one  
Who never loved at all.  
A grace within his soul has reigned  
Which nothing else can bring ;—  
Thank God for all that I have gained  
By that high suffering !

LORD HOUGHTON.

### March 3.

#### *Miserere Domine !*

The words are utter'd, and they flee,  
Deep is their penitential moan,  
Mighty their pathos, but 'tis gone.  
They have declared the spirit's sore,  
Sore load, and words can do no more.  
Beethoven takes them—those two  
Poor, bounded words—and makes them new ;  
Infinite makes them, makes them young ;  
Transplants them to another tongue,  
Where they can now, without constraint,  
Pour all the soul of their complaint,  
And roll adown a channel large  
The wealth divine they have in charge.

Page after page of music turn,  
 And still they live, and still they burn,  
 Perennial, passion-fraught, and free—  
*Miserere Domine!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### March 4.

#### VANITY OF VANITIES.

THE fables of the world have filched away  
 The time I had for thinking upon God ;  
 His grace lies buried 'neath oblivion's sod,  
 Whence springs an evil crop of sins away.  
 What makes another wise, leads me astray.  
 Slow to discern the bad path I have trod :  
 Hope fades ; but still desire ascends that God  
 May free me from self-love, my sure decay.  
 Shorten half-way my road to Heaven from earth !  
 Dear Lord, I cannot even half-way rise,  
 Unless Thou help me on this pilgrimage.  
 Teach me to hate the world so little worth,  
 And all the lovely things I clasp and prize ;  
 That endless life, ere death, may be my wage.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

### March 5.

NOTHING is left or lost—nothing of good,  
 Or lovely ; but whatever its first springs  
 Has drawn from God, returns to Him again :  
 That only which 'twere misery to retain  
 Is taken from you, which to keep were loss ;  
 Only the scum, the refuse, and the dross  
 Are borne away unto the grave of things,

Meanwhile whatever gifts from Heav'n descend  
Thither again have flow'd,  
To the receptacle of all things good,  
From Whom they come and unto Whom they tend,  
Who is the First and Last, the Author and the End,  
Therefore be strong, be strong,  
Ye that remain, nor fruitlessly revolve,  
Darkling, the riddles which ye cannot solve,  
But do the works that unto you belong,  
Believing that for every mystery,  
For all the death, the darkness, and the curse  
Of this dim universe,  
Needs a solution full of love must be,  
And that the way whereby ye may attain  
Nearest to this, is not thro' broodings vain  
And half rebellious—questionings of God,  
But by a patient seeking to fulfil  
The purpose of His everlasting Will,  
Treading the path which lowly men have trod.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

March 6.

ALAS, why plainen men so in commune  
Of purveiance of God, or of fortune,  
That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise  
Wel better than they can hemself devise?  
Som man desireth for to have richesse,  
That cause is of his murdre or gret sikenesse,  
And som man wold out of his prison fayn  
That in his house is of his meynie slain.  
Infinite harmes ben in this matere.  
We wote not what thing we praien here.  
We seken fast after felicite,  
But we go wrong ful often trewely.

CHAUCER, *The Knight's Tale*.

## March 7.

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
 So very many meeting hindrances,  
 That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay?  
 Who slowly goes, rides, in the end, his way;  
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,  
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o'er the stiles;  
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
 And take me up, or els prevent the fall,  
 I kenn my home; and it affords some ease  
 To see far off the smoking villages.  
 Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die,  
 For feare of future biting penurie;  
 No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be  
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

HERRICK, *Noble Numbers*.

## March 8.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide;  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
     My true account, lest He returning chide;  
     Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,  
 I fondly ask? but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's works or His own gifts; who best  
     Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state  
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
     They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

## March 9.

## THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely, as a beast  
To runne into an action ;  
But still to make Thee prepossest,  
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse  
On it may stay his eye ;  
Or if he pleaseth, thro' it passe  
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake ;  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgerie divine :  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold :  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for lesse be told.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church.*

*March 10.*

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he ;  
“Have nought but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again,  
In the fields of light above.

Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.



## March 11.

## OPPORTUNITY.

HE who bends to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy ;  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,  
The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe ;  
But if once you let the ripe moment go,  
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

W. BLAKE.

## March 12.

WHEN once thy foot enters the church, be bare,  
God is more there than thou ; for thou art there  
Only by His permission. Then beware,  
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking ; quit thy state,  
All equall are within the church's gate.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part ;  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither :  
Christ purg'd His temple, so must thou thy heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together  
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well,  
For churches either are our Heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;  
If thou mislike him thou conceiv'st him not.  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good : if all want  
sense,  
God takes a text and preaches patience.

He that gets patience and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.  
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.  
He that loves God's abode, and to combine  
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

March 13.

ON STELLA'S BIRTHDAY,

13th March 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four  
(We shan't dispute a year or more) ;  
However, Stella, be not troubled,  
Altho' thy size and years are doubled  
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,  
The brightest virgin on the green ;  
So little is thy form declined,  
Made up so largely in thy mind.  
O would it please the gods to split  
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit !  
No age could furnish out a pair  
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair,  
With half the lustre of your eyes,  
With half your wit, your years, and size.  
And then before it grew too late,  
How should I beg of gentle fate  
(That either nymph might have her swain)  
To split my worship too in twain !

SWIFT.

## March 14.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it  
takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
dull decay ;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone  
which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere youth  
itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck  
of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess ;  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points  
in vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never  
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death  
itself comes down ;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its  
own ;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our  
tears,  
And tho' the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the  
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth  
distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours, that yield no more their  
former hope of rest ;  
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and  
gray beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a  
     vanished scene ;  
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish  
     though they be,  
 So midst the wither'd waste of life those tears would  
     flow to me !

BYRON.

### March 15.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove :  
 O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
     If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
     I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CXVI.*

### March 16.

ELEONORA.

AS precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
 They but perfume the temple and expire ;  
 So was she soon exhal'd, and vanished hence,  
 A short sweet odor, of a vast expence.  
 She vanish'd,—we can scarcely say she dy'd,  
 For but a Now did heaven and earth divide :  
 She pass'd serenely with a single breath,  
 This moment perfect health, the next was death.

. . . . .  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,  
Or one dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;  
So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :  
So softly death succeeded life in her,  
She did but dream of Heaven and she was there.  
No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise,  
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice.

. . . . .  
He took her as He found, but found her so,  
As one in hourly readiness to go.

DRYDEN.

### March 17.

#### THE STARLINGS.

EARLY in spring time, on raw and windy mornings,  
Beneath the freezing house-eaves, I heard the star-  
lings sing—

“Ah, dreary March month, is this then a time for  
building wearily ?  
Sad, sad, to think that the year is but begun.”

Late in the autumn, on still and cloudless evenings  
Among the golden reed-beds I heard the starlings  
sing—

“Ah, that sweet March month, when we and our  
mates were courting merrily ;  
Sad, sad, to think that the year is all but done.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

**March 18.**

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

## I.

I CANNOT choose but think upon the time  
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss  
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,  
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder, and a little man  
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,  
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,  
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me  
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,  
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary  
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.  
If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath,  
Whenever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

. . . . .

## V.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,  
And learned the meanings that give words a soul,  
The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,  
Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.

Those hours were seed to all my after good ;  
My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,  
Took easily as warmth a various food  
To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.

For who in age shall roam the earth and find  
Reasons for loving that will strike out love  
With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind !  
Were reasons sown as thick as stars above.

'Tis love must see them, as the eye sees light ;  
Day is but number to the darkened sight.

. . . . .

## IX.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each  
By loving difference of girl and boy,  
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach  
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe  
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind  
"This thing I like my sister may not do,  
For she is little, and I must be kind."

Thus boyish will the nobler mastery learned  
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,  
Widening its life with separate life discerned,  
A like unlike, a self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be  
For those brief days he spent in loving me.

. . . . .

## XI.

School parted us ; we never found again  
That childish world where our two spirits mingled  
Like scents from varying roses that remain  
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time  
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue  
We had been natives of one happy clime,  
And its dear accent to our utterance clung,

Till the dire years, whose awful name is Change,  
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,  
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range,  
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,  
I would be born a little sister there.

GEORGE ELIOT.

### March 19.

#### WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

I WISH to have no wishes left,  
But to leave all to Thee ;  
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will  
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within  
When on my death I muse ;  
But, Lord ! I have a death to die,  
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose ? for in Thy love  
Most surely I descry  
A gentler death than I myself  
Should dare to ask to die.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear  
What those few wishes are,  
Which I abandon to Thy love,  
And to Thy wiser care.

Triumphant death I would not ask,  
Rather would deprecate,  
For dying souls deceive themselves  
Soonest when most elate.



All graces I would crave to have  
Calmly absorbed in one—  
A perfect sorrow for my sins  
And duties left undone.

All Sacraments and Church-blest things  
I fain would have around,  
A priest beside me, and the hope  
Of consecrated ground.

I would the light of reason, Lord,  
Up to the last might shine,  
That my own hands might hold my soul  
Until it passed to Thine.

And I would pass in silence, Lord,  
No brave words on my lips,  
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I  
Should die in the eclipse.

But when, and where, and by what pain—  
All this is one to me ;  
I only long for such a death  
As most shall honour Thee.

Long life dismays me by the sense  
Of my own weakness scared ;  
And by Thy grace a sudden death  
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished—  
That I at last might die  
Loving,—absolved from all my sin,  
To praise Thy Majesty.

F. W. FABER.

## March 20

THEREFORE to whom turn I but to Thee, the  
ineffable Name?  
Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with  
hands!  
What, have fear of change from Thee Who art ever  
the same?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy  
power expands?  
There shall never be one lost good! What was  
shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so  
much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a  
perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good,  
shall exist,  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,  
nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for  
the melodist,  
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth  
too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by-  
and-bye.

R. BROWNING, *Abt Vogler*.

## March 21.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates ;  
When I lye tangled in her haire,  
And fetter'd with her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the aire  
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our carelessse heads with roses crowned,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,  
When healths and draughts goe free,  
Fishes that tippie in the deepe  
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I  
With shriller note shall sing  
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories of my king ;  
When I shall voyce aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarged windes that curl the flood  
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron barres a cage,  
Minds innocent and quiet, take  
That for an hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soare above,  
Enjoy such libertie.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE, 1649.

*March 22.*

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only  
When daylight comes, comes in the light  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

*March 23.*

SPRING.

WHO was it that so lately said  
All pulses in thine heart were dead,  
Old Earth, that now in festal robes  
Appearest, as a bride new wed ?  
O wrapt so late in winding-sheet,  
My winding-sheet, oh ! where is fled ?  
Lo ! 'tis an emerald carpet now,  
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.  
All that was sleeping is awake,  
And all is living that was dead.

Oh ! thou who say'st thy sore heart ne'er  
With verdure can again be spread ;  
Oh ! thou who mournest them that sleep,  
Low lying in an earthly bed,  
Look out on this reviving world,  
And see new hopes within the bud.

*From* ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S *Seasons*.

March 24.

THE whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,  
And on the woods, and on the deep,  
The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which shed to earth above the sun  
A light of Paradise.

SHELLEY, *The Pine Forest*.

Through the mossy sods and stone,  
Rain and streamlet, hurry down,  
A coming song, a rushing throng,  
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown ;  
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tone  
Of this day of Paradise,  
Resound around, beneath, above ;  
All we hope and all we love  
Finds a voice in the sweet strain  
Which wakens hill, and wood, and vale.

SHELLEY.

*March 25.*

GABRIEL, from the Heaven descending,  
On the faithful Word attending,  
Is in holy converse blending

With the Virgin full of grace :  
That good word and sweet he plighteth  
In the bosom where it lighteth,  
And for EVA AVE writeth,  
Changing Eva's name and race.

At the promise that he sendeth  
God the Incarnate Word descendeth ;  
Yet no carnal touch offendeth

Her, the undefiled one,  
She without a father, beareth,  
She no bridal union shareth,  
And a painless birth declareth  
That she bare the Royal Son.

Tale that wondering search entices !  
But believe,—and that suffices ;  
It is not for man's devices

Here to pry with gaze unmeet :  
High the sign, its place assuming  
In the bush, the unconsuming :  
Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,  
Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

As the rod, by wondrous power,  
Moistened not by dew or shower,  
Bare the almond and the flower,

Thus He came the Virgin's Fruit :  
Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness !  
Fruit of joy and not of sadness :  
Adam had not lapsed to madness  
Had he tasted of its shoot.

Jesus, kind above all other,  
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,  
In the stable born our Brother,  
Whom the angelic hosts adore :  
He, once cradled in a manger,  
Heal our sin and calm our danger ;  
For our life, to this world stranger,  
Is in peril evermore.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

*Trans. by J. M. NEALE.*

**March 26.**

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load ;  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet :  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.  
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright :  
Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should  
bleed,  
Through Peace to Light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.  
I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see—  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine  
 Like quiet night :  
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
 Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

### March 27.

FOR what so strong,  
 But wanting rest, will also want of might !  
 The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,  
 At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves  
 among.

Then with the sunne take, sir, your timely rest,  
 And with new day new worke at once begin ;  
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.

SPENSER'S *Faërie Queene*,  
*Canto I., part of verses 32 and 33.*

### March 28.

#### PRESUMPTION.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits  
 know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,



A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.  
Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore,  
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never Is, but always To be blest :  
The soul uneasy and confin'd from home  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;  
His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way :  
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heav'n ;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
To Be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;  
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,  
Say, Here He gives too little, there too much ;  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;  
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :  
Snatch from His Hand the balance and the rod,  
Rejudge His justice, be the God of God.

In Pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of ORDER, sins against the Eternal Cause.

POPE, *Essay on Man*.

### March 29.

#### CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION is but carving :  
 Give no more to every guest  
 Than he's able to digest ;  
 Give him always of the prime,  
 And but little at a time ;  
 Give to all but just enough,  
 Let them neither starve nor stuff,  
 And that each may have his due,  
 Let your neighbour carve for you.

WALTER SCOTT.

### March 30.

#### A FALSE STEP.

SWEET, thou hast trod on a heart.  
 Pass ! there's a world full of men,  
 And women as fair as thou art  
 Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware,  
 Malice not one can impute ;  
 And why should a heart have been there  
 In the way of a fair woman's foot ?

It was not a stone that could trip,  
Nor was it a thorn that could rend :  
Put up thy proud underlip !  
'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet peradventure one day  
Thou, sitting alone at the glass,  
Remarking the bloom gone away,  
Where the smile in its dimple was,

And seeking around thee in vain  
From hundreds who flattered before,  
Such a word as, "Oh, not in the main  
Do I hold thee less precious, but more !"

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,  
"Of all I have known or can know,  
I wish I had only that Heart  
I trod upon ages ago !"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### March 31.

#### THE NIGHTINGALES.

"HOW glorious were the nightingales last night,  
'Neath the dim April, warm, half-moonlit sky !  
As from wood choirs and temples of delight,  
The dewy streamside grass, the black thorn nigh,  
They poured their melody."

"Indeed ! I heard it not ! I looked around,  
And deemed that night and silence had their fill ;  
From forest, fallow, distant lane, no sound  
Save the dull dronings of the water mill :  
The nightingales were still."

“O dull of ear to hear ! but mark thou this :  
My ears were sharpened by a bed of pain ;  
Thus, out of sorrow God works often bliss,  
And that flits by, and this shall still remain :  
The nightingales no strain !!!”

But *sursum corda* ! may it not be so  
That those sweet strains on Jordan's further side,  
Unheard by souls who only this world know,  
May yet to them not wholly be denied  
Who drink the cup of woe ?  
J. M. NEALE.

## April 1.

## THE SUCCESSOR OF THE FOURE SWEETE MONTHS.

FIRST April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers ;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more riche and sweete array ;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Jems than those two that went before :  
Then lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

## April 2.

## EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sat reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that thro' me ran ;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Thro' primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths :  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air ;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH.

### April 3.

LIE not ; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;  
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly :  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie  
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.  
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie  
Against thee, for his light was onely lent.  
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those  
feathers  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.  
 Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.  
 Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own :  
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,  
 He breaks up house, turns out of doores his mind.  
 GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

## April 4.

TO MY SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep ;  
 And Time seems then not for to flie, but creep ;  
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
 The winds to blow the tedious night away,  
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
 Sick is my heart ; O Saviour ! do Thou please  
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses ;  
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death ;  
 Let me Thy Voice betimes i' th' morning heare,  
 Call, and I'll come : say Thou the when and where.  
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,  
 And make no one stop till my race be done.

HERRICK, *Noble Numbers.*

## April 5.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

*He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.*  
 So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side  
 Of that unpitying Phrygian sect which cried,  
 " Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

Who sins, once wash'd by the baptismal wave."  
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sigh'd,  
The infant Church ! of love she felt the tide  
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,  
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,  
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head 'mid ignominy, death and tombs,  
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—  
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### April 6.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,  
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees He how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :  
"Blest be thou of all the good !  
Bear as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood !"



And that bird is called the Crossbill ;  
 Covered all with blood so clear  
 In the groves of pine it singeth  
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

LONGFELLOW, *from the German*  
*of Julius Mosen.*

### April 7.

REX TRAGICUS.

PUT off thy robe of purple ; then go on  
 To the sad place of execution :  
 Thine hour is come, and the tormentor stands  
 Ready to pierce Thy tender feet and hands.  
 Long before this the base, the dull, the rude,  
 Th' inconstant, and unpurged multitude,  
 Yawne for thy coming ; some e'er this time crie,  
 How He deferres, how loath He is to die !  
 Amongst this scumme, the souldier, with his speare,  
 And that soure fellow, with his vinegar,  
 His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay ?  
 So do the skurfe and bran too. Go thy way,  
 Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
 By thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
 Not as a thief shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
 But like a person of some high account.

Thou art He  
 Whom all the flux of nations comes to see ;  
 Not those poor theeves that act their parts with  
 Thee :

Those act without regard, when once a King  
 And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.  
 No, no, this scene from Thee takes life and sense,  
 And soule and spirit plot, and excellence.

Why then begin Great King ! ascend Thy throne,  
 And thence proceed to act Thy passion  
 To such an height, to such a period rais'd,  
 As hell, and earth, and Heav'n may stand amaz'd,  
 God, and good angells guide Thee, and so blesse  
 Thee in Thy severall parts of bitterness,  
 That those who see Thee nail'd unto the tree,  
 May, tho' they scorn Thee, praise and pitie Thee.  
 And we, Thy lovers, while we see Thee keep  
 The lawes of action, will both sigh and weep,  
 And bring our spices to embalme Thee dead :  
 That done, we'll see Thee sweetly buried.

HERRICK, *Noble Numbers*.

### April 8.

#### DEATH CAME IN.

AND a new spirit from that hour came o'er  
 The race of Cain : soft idlesse was no more,  
 But even the sunshine had a heart of care,  
 Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair  
 Who folding to her breast a dying child  
 Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.  
 Death was now lord of Life, and at his word  
 Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,  
 With measured wing now audibly arose  
 Throbbing thro' all things to some unknown close.

It seemed the light was never loved before,  
 Now each man said : "'Twill go and come no more."  
 No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,  
 No form, no shadow, but new dearness took  
 From the one thought, that life must have an end ;  
 And the last parting now began to send

Diffusive dread thro' love and wedded bliss,  
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.  
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,  
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine  
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,  
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,  
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all ;  
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,  
With ready voice and eyes that understand,  
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.  
Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed  
Of various life and action-shaping need.

GEORGE ELIOT, *The Legend of Jubal*.

### April 9.

#### EASTER DAY.

THE foe behind, the deep before,  
Our hosts have dared and past the sea :  
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,  
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up, your voices now !  
The whole wide world rejoices now :  
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously :  
The Lord shall reign victoriously !

Happy morrow, turning sorrow  
Into peace and mirth !  
Bondage ending, love descending  
O'er the earth.  
Seals assuring, guards securing,  
Watch His earthly prison :  
Seals are shattered, guards are scattered,  
Christ hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep,  
Nor call departed Christians dead ;  
For death is hallowed into sleep,  
And every grave becomes a bed.

Now once more Eden's door  
Open stands to mortal eyes ;  
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise.  
Now at last, all things past,  
Hope and joy and peace begin :  
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high ;  
It is not sadness, peace from strife :  
To fall asleep is not to die :  
To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us, we may safely go :  
Where our Chief precedes us, we may face the foe :  
His right Arm is o'er us, He our guide will be :  
Christ hath gone before us ; Christians, follow ye !

He shall soon deliver from every woe,  
Alleluia,  
If His paths ye tread :  
Pleasures as a river, shall round you flow,  
Alleluia,  
Where ye see your Head.

With loins upgirt, and staff in hand,  
And hasty mien, and sandalled feet,  
Around the Paschal Feast we stand,  
And of the Paschal Lamb we eat.

So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us,  
From Egypt's strand :  
So shall He precede us, and feed us, and lead us  
To Canaan's land.

Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts  
failing,

Shall threat in vain :

If He be providing, presiding, and guiding

To Him again.

Christ our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder,

Praise we and adore :

Exultation, veneration, gratulation,

Bringing evermore.

Once despised, and once rejected,

Was this stone ; that now, elected,

To a corner-stone perfected,

As a glorious trophy stands erected. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

### April 10.

#### THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?

Dost thou know who made thee,

Gave thee life and bade thee feed

By the stream and o'er the mead ;

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little lamb, who made thee ?

Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee :  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb,  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee !  
Little lamb, God bless thee !  
WILLIAM BLAKE.

### April 11.

#### THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,  
"Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,  
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;  
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,  
He stopped, and sang, "Praise God !"

Then back again his curls he threw,  
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done ;  
I doubt not thou art heard, my son ;

"As well as if thy voice to-day  
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome  
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I  
Might praise Him, that great way, and die !"

Night passed, day shone,  
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,  
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night  
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,  
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,  
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,  
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :  
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away  
Into the season of decay ;

And ever over the trade he bent,  
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one  
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in Mine ear ;  
There is no doubt in it, no fear ;

"So sing old worlds, and so  
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :  
I miss my little human praise.'

---

Then sprang forth Gabriel's wings, off fell  
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,  
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring room close by  
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,  
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career  
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,  
Till in his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,  
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear  
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,  
And in his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,  
And set thee here ; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,  
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—  
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again  
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,  
'Take up creation's pausing strain.



“Back to the cell and poor employ :  
Resume the craftsman and the boy !”

Theocrite grew old at home ;  
A new Pope dwelt in Peter’s dome.

One vanished as the other died :  
They sought God side by side.

R. BROWNING.

April 12.

THE forward violet thus did I chide ;—  
( Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
smells,

If not from my love’s breath ? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dy’d.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annex’d thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet XCIX.*

April 13.

WE live together years and years,  
And leave unsounded still  
Each other’s springs of hopes and fears  
Each other’s depths of will.

We live together day by day,  
And some chance look or tone  
Lights up with instantaneous ray  
An inner world unknown.

Then wonder not that those who love  
The longest and the best,  
Are parted by some sudden move  
Of passion and unrest.

LORD HOUGHTON.

April 14.

“THE past’s our own :  
No fiend can take that from us ! . . .  
I’ll be patient,—  
Here’s something yet more wretched than myself.  
. . . How am I wretched?  
The happiness thou hast from me, is mine,  
And makes me happy. Ay, there lies the secret—  
Could we but crush that ever-craving lust  
For bliss, which kills all bliss, and lose our life,  
Our barren unit life, to find again  
A thousand lives in those for whom we die,  
So were we men and women, and should hold  
Our rightful rank in God’s great universe,  
Wherein, in heaven and earth, by will or nature,  
Nought lives for self—All—all—from crown to  
footstool—  
The Lamb, before the world’s foundations slain—  
The angels, ministers to God’s elect—  
The sun, who only shines to light a world—  
The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers—  
The fleeting streams, who in their ocean graves

Flee the decay of stagnant self-content—  
The oak, ennobled by the shipwright's axe—  
The soil, which yields its marrow to the flower—  
The flower, which feeds a thousand velvet worms,  
Born only to be prey for every bird—  
All spend themselves for others : and shall man,  
Earth's rosy blossom—image of his God—  
Whose twofold being is the mystic knot  
Which couples earth and Heaven— doubly bound  
As being both worm and angel, to that service  
By which both worms and angels hold their life,  
Shall he, whose every breath is debt on debt,  
Refuse, without some hope of further wage  
Which he calls Heaven, to be what God has made  
him ?  
No ! let him show himself the creature's lord  
By freewill gift of that self-sacrifice  
Which they perforce by nature's law must suffer.

C. KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy*.

April 15.

THE RULING PASSION.

NOT always actions show the man : we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind :  
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the  
great ;  
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,  
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave :  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;  
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.

Search then the Ruling Passion : there alone  
The wild are constant and the cunning known ;  
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;  
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.

Time that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet tames not this, it sticks to our last sand.  
“Odious ! in woollen ! ’twould a saint provoke !”  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)  
“No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,  
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—  
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.”  
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin’d  
A humble servant to all human kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue  
could stir :  
“If—where I’m going—I could serve you, sir?”—  
“I give and I devise,” old Euclio said,  
(And sigh’d) “my lands and tenements to Ned.”  
Your money, sir?—“My money, sir ; what—all ?  
Why, if I must”—(then wept) “I give it Paul.”  
The manor, sir?—“The manor ! hold,” he cry’d,  
“Not that,—I cannot part with that,” and dy’d.  
And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :  
Such in those moments as in all the past,  
“Oh, save my country, Heav’n !” shall be your  
last.

POPE, *Moral Essays*.

April 16.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
—It is the generous spirit, who when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright :  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;

Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :

Is placable, because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence also, more alive to tenderness.

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace :  
But who if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover ; and attired

With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;  
And thro' the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :  
This is the happy warrior ; this is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

### April 17.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

BLANCO WHITE.

April 18.

BY THE SEA.

WHY does the sea moan evermore?  
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,  
It frets against the boundary shore :  
All earth's full rivers cannot fill  
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness  
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed ;  
Anemones, salt, passionless,  
Blow flower-like ; just enough alive  
To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,  
Encrusted live things argus-eyed,  
All fair alike, yet all unlike,  
Are born without a pang, and die  
Without a pang, and so pass by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

April 19.

THE pathos exquisite of lovely minds  
Hid in harsh forms,—not penetrating them,  
Like fire divine within a common bush  
Which grows transfigured by the heavenly guest.

I too rest in faith

That man's perfection is the crowning flower  
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree

Is pressing,—seen in living blossoms now,  
But in the world's great morrows to expand  
With broadest petal and with deepest glow . . .  
The faith that life on earth is being shaped  
To glorious ends ; that order, justice, love  
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure  
As roundness in the dew-drop—that great faith  
Is but the rushing and expanding stream  
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.

GEORGE ELIOT (*How Lisa loved the King*).

April 20.

[ ALL fair things have soft approaches,  
Quiet steps are still the same ;  
It were hard to point aright  
At what instant morning light,  
Shy and solemn-paced, encroaches  
On the desolate obscure ;—  
Who can read the growth of flowers  
Syllable by syllable ?  
Who has sight or ear to tell,  
Or by moments or by hours,  
At what rate the sappy tree,  
Full of life, and life in spring,  
Every sleekest limb embosses  
With the buds its vigour glosses,—  
At what rate the buds with glee  
Burst, and show the tender wing  
Of the leaf that hardly dares  
Trust to inexperienced airs ?  
Who can measure out the pace  
Of the smiles on Nature's face ?



Thou loveliest of the thoughts of God,  
Creation's antitype and end !  
Thou treadest so the vernal sod  
That slimmest grasses hardly bend ;—  
I feel thy presence sensible  
On my ideal supervene,  
Yet just the moment cannot tell  
That lies those two bright states between ;—  
No memory has an arm to reach  
The morning twilight of our thought,  
The infant's use of sight and speech  
Is all unchallenged and unsought ;  
And yet thou askest, winning one,  
That I should now unriddler be,  
To tell thee when I first begun  
To love and honour thee !

LORD HOUGHTON.

April 21.

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea wave,  
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave ;"  
But in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Unto a pearl of marv'llous beauty grew :  
And, happy now, the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die ;  
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed :  
O unbelieving !—so it came to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

**April 22.****A MORNING PRESENT OF SPRING FLOWERS.**

THE east wind slept last night (oh be its rest  
As deep as death and long !), and with the morn  
The soft fresh breath of April from the west  
Came blithely whispering, "Spring at last is born."  
I woke and heard it : longing to rejoice,  
Yet did I listen with a faithless ear.  
"Often the breezes have a mocking voice,  
Too glad the sound for truth," said Doubt and Fear,  
When, Ida, in there came so sweet a breath,  
And then so fair a vision, of your flowers,  
I cried, "O Doubt, I doom thee now to Death :  
These must be heralds of the happier hours,  
Such sound and scent and sight do surely bring  
Authentic proof of veritable Spring !"

S. J. STONE.

**April 23.****THE FLY.**

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up ;  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike, both thine and mine,  
Hasten quick to their decline ;  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to fourscore :  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.

W. OLDYS.

## April 24.

## DIRGE.

IF thou wilt ease thy heart,  
Of love and all its smart,  
    Then sleep, dear, sleep :  
    And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes :  
    Lie still and sleep,  
Sad soul, until the sea wave washes  
The rim of the sun to-morrow  
    In the Eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart,  
Of love and all its smart,  
    Then die, dear, die :  
    'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming  
    With folded eye :  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
    In the Eastern sky.  
    THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

## April 25.

HE who wintry hours hath given,  
With the snow gives snowdrops birth :  
And while angels sing in heaven  
    God hears the robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,  
Music dieth in the dust,  
Nothing but that creeps can sing,  
    Soaring, we can sing and trust.

## April 26.

THE bud on the bough,  
The song of the bird,  
The blue river-reaches  
By soft breeze stirred ;  
Oh soul, and hast thou found again thy treasure ?  
Oh world, and art thou once more filled with pleasure ?

Oh world, hast thou passed  
Thy sad winter again ?  
Oh soul, hast thou cast  
Thy dull vesture of pain ?  
Oh winter ! sad wert thou and full of sorrow !  
Oh soul ! oh world, the summer comes to-morrow !

Oh soul ! 'tis love quickens  
Time's languorous feet ;  
Oh world ! 'tis Spring wakens  
Thy fair blossoms sweet ;  
Fair world, fair soul, that lie so close together,  
Each with sad wintry days and fair spring weather !  
GWEN.

## April 27.

THERE is a wound within me, 'tis a wound  
That lies too deep for tears, and many a while,  
While all that is around me seems to smile,  
Within my heart of hearts a knell doth sound,  
Not of this world ; a cloud dark and profound  
Is o'er me, and though brighter thoughts beguile,  
And, like the sun behind a cloudy pile,  
Bright gleams from One beyond that cloud have  
bound,  
Yet 'tis a cloud, for I have pierced deep  
The side of One that must be All in All.

In this dread calm, if unto Thee I call,  
 'Tis not that Thou my wounded soul would'st steep  
 With aught of gladness ; but that I, through Thee,  
 May daily put me on more deep humility.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, (*The Golden Valley*).

### April 28.

#### SUGGESTIONS AS TO PREACHING.

ON every priest a twofold care attends,  
 To prove his talents, and insure his friends :  
 First, of the first,—your stores at once produce,  
 And bring your reading to its proper use :  
 On doctrines dwell, and every point enforce  
 By quoting much, the scholar's sure resource ;  
 For he alone can show us on each head  
 What ancient schoolmen and sage fathers said :  
 No worth has knowledge, if you fail to show  
 How well you studied, and how much you know :  
 Is faith your subject, and you judge it right  
 On theme so dark to cast a ray of light ;  
 Be it that faith the orthodox maintain,  
 Found in the rubric, what the creeds explain ;  
 Fail not to show us on this ancient faith  
 (And quote the passage) what some martyr saith !  
 Dwell not one moment on a faith that shocks.

That starving faith, that would our tables clear,  
 And make one dreadful Lent of all the year :

Your nobler faith, in loftier style convey'd,  
 Shall be with praise and admiration paid :  
 On points like these your hearers all admire  
 A preacher's depth, and nothing more require ;

Shall we a studious youth to college send,  
That every clown his words may comprehend?  
'Tis for your glory, when your hearers own  
Your learning matchless, but the sense unknown.  
Thus honour gain'd, learn now to gain a friend :  
And the sure way is—never to offend ;  
For, James, consider—what your neighbours do  
Is their own business, and concerns not you :  
Shun all resemblance to that forward race  
Who preach of sins before a sinner's face ;  
And seem as if they overlooked a pew,  
Only to drag a failing man in view :  
Much should I feel, when groaning in disease,  
If a rough hand upon my limb should seize ;  
But great my anger, if this hand were found  
The very doctor's, who should make it sound :  
So feel our minds, young Priest, so doubly feel,  
When hurt by those whose office is to heal.

Yet of our duties you must something tell,  
And must at times on sin and frailty dwell ;  
Here you may preach in easy, flowing style,  
How errors cloud us, and how sins defile :  
Here bring persuasive hopes and figures forth,  
To show the poor that wealth is nothing worth ;  
That they, in fact, possess an ample share  
Of the world's good, and feel not half its care :  
Give them this comfort, and indeed my gout  
In its full vigour causes me some doubt :  
And let it always, for your zeal, suffice  
That vice you combat, in the abstract, vice :  
The very captious will be quiet then ;  
We all confess we are offending men :  
In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,  
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare ;  
In general satire, every man perceives  
A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves ;

But name th' offence, and you absolve the rest,  
And point the dagger at a single breast.

Yet there are sinners of a class so low,  
That you with safety may the lash bestow :  
Poachers, and drunkards, idle rogues, who feed  
At others' cost, a mark'd correction need :  
And all the better sort, who see your zeal,  
Will love and reverence for their pastor feel ;  
Reverence for one who can inflict the smart,  
And love, because he deals them not a part.  
CRABBE, *The Tales*, XV.

April 29.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

April 30.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day  
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip  
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.  
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !  
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,  
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently  
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,  
A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,  
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers  
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find  
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.  
And hark ! the nightingale begins its song,  
" Most musical, most melancholy " bird !  
A melancholy bird ? O idle thought !  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
—But some night-wand'ring man, whose heart was  
pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrows) he and such as he  
First named these notes a melancholy strain :  
And many a poet echoes the conceit :  
Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme  
When he had better far have stretched his limbs



Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,  
By sun or moon light, to the influxes  
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements  
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song  
And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame  
Should share in nature's immortality,  
A venerable thing ! and so his song  
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself  
Be loved, like nature. But 'twill not be so :  
And youths and maidens most poetical,  
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring  
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still  
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs  
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

We have learnt

A different lore, we may not thus profane  
Nature's sweet voices always full of love  
And joyance ! 'Tis the merry nightingale  
That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music ! I know a grove  
Is wild with tangling underwood,  
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,  
Thin grass, and kingcups grow within the paths.  
But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales : and far and near  
In wood and thicket over the wide grove  
They answer and provoke each others' song—  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## May 1.

## MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

## May 2.

## DREAM LAND.

WHERE sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmèd sleep ;

Awake her not.

Led by a single star  
She came from very far,  
To seek where shadows are,  
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
And water springs.

Through sleep, as thro' a veil,  
She sees the sky look pale,  
And hears the nightingale,  
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,  
Shed over brow and breast ;  
Her face is toward the west,  
The purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain ;  
She cannot feel the rain  
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore ;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease :  
Sleep that no pain shall wake,  
Night that no morn shall break,  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

### May 3.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,  
Why doe ye fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
 An houre or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good-night?  
 'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth,  
 Merely to shew your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, tho' ne'er so brave ;  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.  
 HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

### May 4.

#### SONG OF HESPERUS.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep :  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heav'n to clear, when day did close :  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver ;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever.  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON, *Cynthia's Revels*.

May 5.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,  
I cannot tell what you say ;  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,  
I cannot tell what you say ;  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,  
I cannot tell what you say ;  
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,  
And a word doth speak this day.

“ Oh green is the colour of faith and truth,  
And rose the colour of love and youth,  
And brown of the fruitful clay.  
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,  
And her bridal day shall come ere long,  
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams  
And the whispering woodlands say.”

C. KINGSLEY.

## May 6.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
My resolved heart to return ;  
I have searched thy soul within,  
And find nought but pride and scorn ;  
I have learn'd thy arts and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.  
Some pow'r in my revenge, convey  
That love to her I cast away.

T. CAREW, *died* 1639.

## May 7.

THE stars burnt out in the pale blue air,  
And the thin white moon lay withering there,  
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,  
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.  
Day had kindled the dewy woods,  
And the rocks above, and the stream below,  
And the vapours in their multitudes,  
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,  
And clothed with light of æry gold  
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,  
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,  
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,  
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee !  
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,  
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,  
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim ;  
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,  
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,  
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
Fled from the brains which are their prey,  
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.  
All rose to do the task He set to each,  
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own ;  
One million rose to learn, and one to teach  
What none yet ever knew or can be known.

SHELLEY, *The Boat*.

May 8.

ISOLATION. TO MARGUERITE.

WE were apart, yet day by day,  
I bade my heart more constant be ;  
I bade it keep the world away,  
And grow a home for only thee ;  
Not fear'd but thy love likewise grew,  
Like mine, each day more tried, more true.

The fault was grave ! I might have known,  
What far too soon, alas ! I learn'd—  
The heart can bind itself alone,  
And faith may oft be unreturn'd.  
Self sway'd, our feelings ebb and swell—  
Thou lov'st no more—Farewell ! farewell !

Farewell !—and thou, thou lonely heart,  
Which never yet without remorse  
Even for a moment didst depart  
From thy remote and spherèd course  
To haunt the place where passions reign—  
Back to thy solitude again.

Back ! with the conscious thrill of shame  
Which Luna felt, that summer-night,  
Flash thro' her pure immortal frame,  
When she forsook the starry height  
To hang over Endymion's sleep  
Upon the pine-grown Latinian steep.

Yet she, chaste queen, had never proved  
How vain a thing is mortal love,  
Wandering in Heaven, far removed.  
But thou hast long had place to prove  
This truth,—to prove, and make thine own :  
“Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone !”

Or if not quite alone, yet they  
Which touch thee are unmating things—  
Ocean and clouds and night and day,  
Lorn autumns and triumphant springs,  
And life, and other's joy and pain,  
And love, if love, of happier men.

Of happier men, for they at least  
Have *dream'd* two human hearts might blend  
In one, and were thro' faith released  
From isolation without end  
Prolong'd ; nor knew, although not less  
Alone than thou, their loneliness.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



May 9.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,  
A worm is known to stray,  
That shows by night a lucid beam,  
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
From whence his rays proceed ;  
Some give that honour to his tail,  
And others to his head.

But this is sure,—the Hand of Night,  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives *him* a modicum of light  
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the trav'ler as he went  
Be careful where he trode ;—

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light  
Might serve, however small,  
To show a stumbling-stone by night,  
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine  
Is legible and plain,  
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,  
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme  
Teach humbler thoughts to you,  
Since such a reptile has its gem,  
And boasts its splendour too !

COWPER.

## May 10.

AND art thou dead, as young and fair,  
As aught of mortal birth ;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon return'd to earth !  
Though earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness and mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot ;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not :  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love,  
Like common earth can rot :  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change thro' all the past,  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where death hath set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow :  
And what were worse, thou canst not see,  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours,  
The worst can be but mine,  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
Shall never more be thine.

The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep ;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have passed away  
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey,  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd  
The leaves must drop away ;  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change from foul to fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade ;  
The night that follow'd such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade :  
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,  
And thou wert lovely to the last,  
Extinguished, not decayed ;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep  
One vigil by thy bed :  
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy dying head,  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,

The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee !  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years.

BYRON.

*May* 11.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;  
Not ty'd unto the world with care  
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall ;  
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

May 12.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and skie :  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church.*

May 13.

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;  
Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone ;  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity ;  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,  
Teru, Teru, by and by ;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
For her grief so lively shewn,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah ! thought I, thou mournst in vain ;  
None take pity on thy pain :  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead ;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy like the wind,  
Faithful friends are hard to find ;  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call ;  
And with suchlike flattering,

"Pity but he were a king."  
 But if fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renown ;  
 They that fawn'd on him before  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need ;  
 If thou sorrow he will weep ;  
 If thou wake he cannot sleep :  
 Thus of every grief in heart  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 These are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SHAKESPEARE,  
*The Passionate Pilgrim.*

May 14.

MUSICK.

WHEN gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
 And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,  
 Then musicke with her silver sound  
 With spede is wont to send redresse :  
 Of trobled myndes, in every sore,  
 Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

In joye yt makes our mirth abound,  
 In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;  
 Be-strawghted heads releaf hath founde  
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes ;  
 Our senses all, what shall I say more ?  
 Are subjecte unto musick's lore.

The gods by music have theire prayse ;  
 The lyfe, the soul, therein doth joye ;  
 For, as the Romaine poet sayes,  
 In seas, whom pyrate would destroy,  
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
 Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,  
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe !  
 O musicke ! whom the gods assinde  
 To comfort manne, whom cares would nippe !  
 Since thou both man and beste doth move,  
 What beste ys he, wyl the disprove ?

R. EDWARDS.

*See Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. s. 5.*

### May 15.

#### BABY'S CATECHISM.

"WHERE did you come from, baby dear?"

"Out of the everywhere into the here."

"Where did you get your eyes so blue?"

"Out of the sky as I came through."

"Where did you get that little tear?"

"I found it waiting when I got here."

"Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?"

"From the same box as the cherub's wings."

"Where did you get that pearly ear?"

"God spake—and it came out to hear."

"How did they all just come to you?"

"God thought about me—and so I grew."

"But how did you come to *us*, you dear?"

"God thought about *you*, and so I came here."

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## May 16.

ALL THINGS COME TO AN END.

Lo the oke, that hath so long a norishing,  
 Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,  
 And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,  
 Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.  
 Considereth eke, how that the hard stone  
 Under our feet, on which we trede is gon ;  
 It wasteth, as it lieth by the way,  
 The brode river sometime waxeth drey ;  
 The grete tounes see we wave and wende,  
 Than ye may see that all thing hath an ende.  
 Of man and woman see we wel also,  
 That nedes in on of the termes two,  
 That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,  
 He mote be ded, the king us shall assage ;  
 Som in his bed, som in the depe see,  
 Som in the large feld, as ye may see ;  
 Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilka wey :  
 Than may I sayn, that alle thing mote dey.  
 Then is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,  
 To maken vertue of necessite,  
 And take it wel, that we may not eschewe,  
 And namely that to us all is dewe.

CHAUCER, *The Knight's Tale*.

## May 17.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEOLAAR.

## I.

THE mother stood at the window,  
 Her son lay in the bed :  
 "Look, Wilhelm, the procession  
 Is passing by," she said.

“So sick I am, my mother,  
I cannot hear nor see,  
With thinking of my Gretchen—  
My heart aches bitterly.”

“Get up ; we’ll go to Keolaar,  
With book and rosary,  
And sure our blessed Lady  
Will heal thy heart for thee.”

The holy banners flutter,  
As onward goes the line ;  
The holy psalms are chanted  
At Köln upon the Rhine.

The mother follows also,  
Leading her son goes she,  
Both singing with the chorus,  
“Mary, all praise to thee.”

## II.

To-day our Lady at Keolaar  
Her finest clothes doth wear,  
So much she must be doing,  
So many sick come there.

The sick folk all are bringing  
To her, as offerings meet,  
Limbs that of wax are fashioned,  
Waxen hands and feet.

A waxen hand one offers,  
And heals in his hand the wound ;  
A waxen foot another,  
And straight his foot is sound.

And many are now rope dancers  
Who went upon crutches there,

And many can fiddle gaily  
Whose fingers useless were.

The mother took a candle,  
And made of it a heart ;  
“Bring that to our blessed Lady,  
And she will heal thy smart.”

The heart he took, and sighing  
Unto the shrine did go ;  
And from his eyes the tears,  
The words from his heart did flow.

“O thou so highly blessed,  
O purest Maid divine,  
Thou who art Queen of Heaven,  
Pity this grief of mine.

“At Köllen in the city,  
I with my mother dwelt,  
The city where so many  
Churches and shrines are built.

“And close to us dwelt Gretchen,  
But dead is Gretchen now,—  
A waxen heart I bring thee,  
My wounded heart heal thou.

“O heal my heart that’s wounded,  
And I will fervently  
Keep singing late and early  
‘Mary, all praise to thee.’”

### III.

The sick man and his mother  
Within the chamber slept ;  
Then came our blessed Lady,  
And lightly in she stept.

She bent her o'er the sick man,  
And on his heart did lay  
Her gentle hand quite lightly,  
And smiled and passed away.

The mother dreaming saw it,  
And something more beheld :  
She woke from out her slumber  
The hounds so loudly yelled.

There lay, stretched out before her,  
Her son, and he was dead,  
And on his pale cheek playing  
The morning light shone red.

Her hands the mother folded,  
She felt so wondrously ;  
Devout she sang and softly,  
" Mary, all praise to thee."

*From H. HEINE.*

### May 18.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST,  
AND WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this flower is now call'd so,  
List, sweet maids, and you shal know.  
Understand, this first-ling was  
Once a brisk and bonny lasse,  
Kept as close as Danae was ;  
Who a sprightly Springall lov'd ;  
And to have it fully prov'd,

Up she got upon a wall,  
Tempting down to slide withall ;  
But the silken twist unty'd,  
So she fell ; and bruis'd, she dy'd.  
Love, in pitty of the deed,  
And her loving lucklesse speed,  
Turn'd her to this plant we call  
Now The Flower of the Wall.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

May 19.

CRABBED age and youth  
Cannot live together :  
Youth is full of pleasaunce,  
Age is full of care :  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather ;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short ;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame :  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold ;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee !  
O my love, my love is young !  
Age, I do defy thee ;  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE,

*The Passionate Pilgrim.*

## May 20.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;  
    Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming wear ;  
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,  
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,  
    Undefined for the undefined ;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,  
By the smoky town in its murky cowl,  
    Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;  
Darker and darker the further I go,  
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;  
    Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?  
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free ;  
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.  
    Free and strong, free and strong,  
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along  
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,  
As I lose myself in the infinite main,  
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.  
    Undefined for the undefined ;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

C. KINGSLEY, *The Water Babies*.

May 21.

WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
"Most women have no characters at all!"  
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.  
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show ;  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.  
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
And without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;  
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,  
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise ;  
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;  
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.  
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;  
Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's pray'r,  
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;  
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,  
And made a widow happy for a whim.

Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;  
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;  
With too much quickness ever to be taught,  
With too much thinking to have common thought :  
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,  
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from Wits ; and look on Simo's mate ;  
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate :  
 Or her that owns her faults but never mends,  
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends :  
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,  
 For ever in a passion, or a pray'r :  
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)  
 Cries, "Ah, how charming if there's no such place!"  
 Woman and Fool are too hard things to hit ;  
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

Oh ! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :  
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear :  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or if she rules him, never shows she rules :  
 ( Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys. )

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.

POPE, *Moral Essays*.

May 22.

THE BELL.

LIFT it gently to the steeple,  
 Let our bell be set on high ;  
 There fulfil its daily mission,  
 Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

As the birds sing early matins  
 To the God of Nature's praise,



This its nobler daily music  
To the God of grace shall raise.

And when evening shadows soften,  
Chancel, cross, and tower and aisle,  
It shall blend its vesper summons  
With the day's departing smile.

Christian men shall hear at distance,  
In their toil or in their rest,  
Joying that in one communion  
Of one church they too are blest.

They that on the sickbed languish,  
Full of weariness and woe,  
Shall remember that for them too  
Holy Church is gathering so.

Year by year the steeple music  
O'er the tended graves shall pour,  
Where the dust of Saints is garnered,  
Till the Master comes once more ;

Till the day of sheaves in-gathering,  
Till the harvest of the earth,  
Till the Saints arise in order,  
Glorious in their second birth ;

Till Jerusalem, beholding  
That His glory in the east,  
Shall, at the Archangel trumpet,  
Enter in to keep the feast.

Lift it gently to the steeple,  
Let our bell be set on high ;  
There fulfil its daily mission,  
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

J. M. NEALE.

May 23.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;  
And, little butterfly, indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless !—not frozen seas  
More motionless ! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard-ground is ours ;  
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary ;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !  
Come often to us, fear no wrong ;  
Sit near us on the bough !  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young ;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now !

WORDSWORTH.

May 24.

SAMSON.

BUT peace ! I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know.  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries,—  
So many and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
Blind among enemies ! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,  
They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool  
In power of others, never in my own ;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !  
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
The Sun to me is dark  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part, why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confined  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
That she might look at will through every pore ?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

## May 25.

THE bubble of the silver-springing waves,  
Castalian music, and that flattering sound,  
Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves,  
With which my youthful hair was to be crowned,  
Grow dimmer in my ears ; while Beauty grieves  
Over her votary, less frequent found :  
And not untouched by storms, my lifeboat heaves  
Thro' the splashed ocean waters, outward bound.  
And as the leaning mariner, his hand  
Clasped on his ear, strives trembling to reclaim  
Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,  
So lean I back to the poetic land ;  
And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name,  
Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame.

W. C. ROSCOE.

## May 26.

## VILLAGE PORTRAITS.

THESE are the happier pairs, their life has rest,  
Their hopes are strong, their humble portion blest ;  
While those more rash to hasty marriage led,  
Lament th' impatience which now stints their bread ;  
When such their union, years their cares increase,  
Their love grows colder, and their pleasures cease ;  
In health just fed, in sickness just relieved ;  
By hardships harass'd, and by children grieved ;  
In petty quarrels and in peevish strife,  
The once fond couple waste the spring of life :  
But when to age mature those children grown,  
Find homes and hopes and hardships of their own,  
The harass'd couple feel their lingering woes  
Receding slowly, till they find repose,

Complaints and murmurs then are laid aside,  
(By reason these subdued, and those by pride) ;  
And, taught by care, the patient man and wife  
Agree to share the bitter-sweet of life ;  
(Life that has sorrow much and sorrow's cure,  
Where they who most enjoy shall much endure) :  
Their rest, their labours, duties, sufferings, prayers,  
Compose the soul and fit it for its cares ;  
Their graves before them, and their griefs behind,  
Have each a med'cine for the rustic mind ;  
Nor has he care to whom his wealth shall go,  
Or who shall labour with his spade and hoe ;  
But as he lends the strength that yet remains,  
And some dead neighbour on his bier sustains,  
(One with whom oft he whirl'd the bounding flail,  
Toss'd the broad coit, or took th' inspiring ale).  
"For me," he meditates, "shall soon be done  
This friendly duty, when my race is run ;  
'Twas first in trouble as in error past,  
Dark clouds and stormy cares whole years o'ercast,  
But calm my setting day, and sunshine smiles at  
last ;  
My vices punish'd, and my follies spent,  
Not loth to die, but yet to live content  
I rest :"—then casting on the grave his eye,  
His friend compels a tear, and his own grief a sigh.

CRABBE, *The Parish Register*, Pt. ii.

### May 27.

NO action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing, or a curse, and mostly

In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it, till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed  
And the justice of God made manifest.

LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*.

May 28.

THE BOATMEN'S SONG AS THEY NEAR THE  
RAPIDS UNDER HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

JESU ! bless our slender boat,  
By the current swept along ;  
Loud its threatenings,—let them not  
Drown the music of a song  
Breathed Thy mercy to implore,  
Where these troubled waters roar !

Saviour, for our warning seen  
Bleeding on that precious Rood ;  
If, while thro' the meadows green  
Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
Disregard Thy suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient tower  
Watching o'er the river's bed,  
Fling the shadow of Thy power,  
Else we sleep among the dead ;  
Thou Who trod'st the billowy sea,  
Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our bark among the waves ;  
Through the rocks our passage smooth ;  
When the whirlpool frets and raves  
Let Thy Love its anger soothe :  
All our hope is placed in Thee,  
Miserere Domine !

WORDSWORTH.

*May 29.*

JEALOUSY.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,  
As love that warms the gentle brest ;  
Two souls in one ; the same desire  
To grant the bliss, and to require ?

If in this heaven a hell we find,

'Tis all from thee,

O Jealousie !

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, tho' sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine a perfect love :  
In absence, or unkind disdain  
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain ;

But O ! no cure but death we find

To sett us free

From Jealousie,

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,  
Some set too near, and some too far :  
Thou art the fire of endless might,  
The fire that burns, and gives no light.

All torments of the damned, we find

In only thee,

O Jealousie ;

Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

DRYDEN.

## May 30.

FLOWERS preach to us if we will hear.  
The rose saith in the dewy morn,  
I am most fair ;  
Yet all my loveliness is born  
Upon a thorn.  
The poppy saith, amid the corn,  
Let but my scarlet head appear  
And I am held in scorn ;  
Yet juice of subtle virtue lies  
Within my cup of curious dyes.  
The lilies say : Behold how we  
Preach without words of purity.  
The violets whisper from the shade  
Which their own leaves have made :  
Men scent our fragrance on the air,  
Yet take no heed  
Of humble lessons we would read.  
But not alone the fairest flowers ;—  
The merest grass  
Along the roadside where we pass,  
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,  
Tell of His Love Who sends the dew,  
The rain and sunshine too,  
To nourish one small seed.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## May 31.

AH, yet when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive.



---

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of wider scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will sure appear  
Of what we are together here.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## June 1.

## CHORUS OF BIRDS.

IF the race of men are wise,  
Soon to us they'll sacrifice,  
Soon before us suppliant fall,  
For we glance and rule o'er all.  
When I sail the sky, my gaze  
Every nook beneath surveys ;  
When to earth from heaven I shoot  
I am guardian of the fruit :  
Foe of every glutton worm  
Feasting on the tender germ,  
Or on trees, with budlets swelling,  
Finding both his food and dwelling.  
All that mar the garden's sweets  
I pursue to their retreats ;  
All that creep, and all that sting,  
Shudder when they hear my wing ;  
They by tiny talons slain,  
Ne'er shall slime the flowers again.  
Storm may beat, or sun may shine,  
Happy, happy life is mine !  
From the biting winter's cold  
Swathed not in the mantle's fold,  
Scorched not by the piercing ray  
Of the sultry summer day,  
Mid the flowery meads I wrap me,  
Where the cradling leaflets lap me ;  
Thus the glowing heat I shun,  
When, enthusiast of the sun,

Taught by heaven his shrilly tune,  
Wakes the insect bard of noon.  
When the frost I cannot bide,  
In the sheltering grot I hide,  
There, through gloomy winter, gay,  
Mid the mountain nymphs, I play ;  
With the balmy breath of spring,  
With the myrtle's blossoming,  
Straight to feast I speed my flight  
On its buds of virgin white,  
Or on sweets of perfumed flowers,  
Culled amid the Graces' bowers.

J. ANSTICE,  
*from* ARISTOPHANES, Av. 1058.

### June 2.

#### QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last ! at last, unite them there !

A. H. CLOUGH.

### June 3.

THE tomb to the blushing rose thus said,  
"Of the tears upon thee by the morning shed,  
What makest thou, Queen of love ?"  
The rose in her turn thus questioned the tomb :  
"What makest thou in thy gulf of gloom,  
Of all thou devour'st from above ?"

Said the rose to the tomb, "From these precious  
tears  
A scent that of amber and honey appears,  
I breathe out mid the silence of night."  
And the tomb replied to the rose, "Plaintive flower,  
Of every soul that I seem to devour,  
I make a blest angel of light."

BULWER LYTTON.

## June 4.

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly :  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;  
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently :  
     A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
     Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,  
     So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
     In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

SHAKESPEARE,  
*The Passionate Pilgrim.*

## June 5.

## DREAMING.

OH, that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,  
 Would all their colours from the sunset take :  
 From something of material sublime,  
 Rather than shadow our own soul's daytime  
 In the dark void of night. . . .

. . . Things cannot to the will  
 Be settled, but they tease us out of thought ;  
 Or is it that imagination brought  
 Beyond its proper bound, yet still confined,  
 Lost in a sort of purgatory blind,  
 Cannot refer to any standard law  
 Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw  
 In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—  
 It forces us in sunnier skies to mourn,  
 It spoils the singing of the nightingale.

KEATS.

## June 6.

HE LAID HIS HAND UPON ME.

LAY Thy Hand upon me  
When I fall asleep,  
Through the silent hours  
Close beside me keep :  
Then the Prince of Darkness,  
Ruler of the air,  
Will not dare to touch me  
If Thy Hand is there.

Lay Thy Hand upon me,  
Tenderly restrain  
All too eager longings,  
Every impulse vain :  
Calm my spirit's chafing,  
Restless with long care :  
Murmurs melt in silence  
When Thy Hand is there.

Lay Thy Hand upon me  
When I rashly stray  
Into paths forbidden,  
Choosing my own way,  
Ah ! how much correction,  
Lord, I have to bear,  
Yet must take it meekly,  
For Thy Hand is there.

Lead me now and always  
Even to the last,  
Till the way is ended  
And the darkness past :

Till I reach the glory  
I was born to share,  
This its crown and centre,  
That my Lord is there.

C. M. NOEL.

### June 7.

#### IMPOSSIBILITIES.

MY faithfull friend, if you can see  
The fruit to grow up, or the tree ;—  
If you can see the colour come  
Into the blushing peare or plum ;—  
If you can see the water grow  
To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow ;—  
If you can see that drop of raine  
Lost in the wild sea, once againe ;—  
If you can see how dreams do creepe  
Into the brain by easie sleep ;—  
Then there is hope that you may see  
Her love me once, who now hates me.

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

### June 8.

#### A GREEN CORNFIELD.

“ And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.”

THE earth was green, the sky was blue :  
I saw and heard one sunny morn  
A skylark hang between the two,  
A singing speck above the corn :

A stage below, in gay accord,  
White butterflies danced on the wing,  
And still the singing skylark soared  
And silent sank and soared to sing.

The cornfield stretched a tender green  
To right and left beside my walks ;  
I knew he had a nest unseen  
Somewhere among the million stalks :

And as I paused to hear his song  
While swift the sunny moments slid,  
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,  
And listened longer than I did.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

### June 9.

To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,  
To leave so many lands unvisited,  
To leave so many worthiest books unread,  
Unrealised so many visions bright ;—  
Oh wretched yet inevitable spite  
Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,  
And wrap us in the lazy coil of death,  
So much remaining of unproved delight.  
But hush, my soul, and, vain regrets, be stilled ;  
Find rest in Him Who is the complement  
Of whatsoe'er transcends your mortal doom,  
Of broken hope and frustrated intent ;  
In the clear vision and aspect of Whom  
All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



## JUNE 10.

IF thou be master gunner, spend not all  
That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,  
And give men turns of speech : do not forestall  
By lavishness thine own and others' wit,  
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest  
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing ; for fiercenesse makes  
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.  
Why should I feel another man's mistakes  
More, than his sicknesse or povertie ?  
In love I should : but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdome either ; therefore gently move.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :  
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.  
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse  
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.  
GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

## JUNE 11.

"TALK not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted ;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters  
returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy  
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline laboured and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, “Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*.

### June 12.

#### THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?  
On what wings dared he aspire ?  
What the hand dared seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand form’d thy dread feet ?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He Who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

W. BLAKE.

### June 13.

#### THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,  
Arm in my arm, such a short while since :  
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss  
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince !  
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
As back with that murmur the wicket swung :  
For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,  
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel walk  
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :  
And here she paused in her gracious talk  
To point me a moth on the milk white phlox.  
Roses, ranged in valiant row  
I will never think that she passed you by :  
She loves you, noble roses, I know ;  
But yonder see, where the rock plants lie.

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,  
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;  
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
The soft meandering Spanish name :  
What a name ! Was it love or praise ?  
Speech half asleep or song half awake ?  
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,  
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
I may bring her, one of these days,  
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase ;  
But do not detain me now ; for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,  
Stay as you are, and be loved for ever !  
But if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not,  
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !  
For while it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn and down they nestle—  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?  
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall !  
Ah ! you may flout and turn up your faces—  
Roses, you are not so fair after all !

R. BROWNING.

June 14.

## THE MOUNTAINS.

BLUE and baseless and beautiful  
Did the boundless mountains bear  
Their folded shadows into the golden air ;  
The comfortlessness of their chasms was full  
Of orient cloud and undulating mist,  
Which where their silver cataracts kissed,  
Quivered with panting colour.

J. RUSKIN.

June 15.

'TIS not, I know, the chiming of a song,  
Nor all the powers that to the muse belong,  
Words aptly cull'd, and meanings well express'd,  
Can calm the sorrows of a wounded breast :  
But virtue, soother of the fiercest pains,  
Shall heal that bosom where she reigns.  
Yet hard the task to heal the bleeding heart,  
To bid the still recurring thoughts depart,  
Tame the fierce grief and stem the rising sigh,  
And curb rebellious passion, with reply :  
Calmly to dwell on all that pleased before,  
And yet to know that all shall please no more :—  
Oh ! glorious labour of the soul, to save  
Her captive powers, and bravely mourn the brave.  
To such these thoughts will lasting comforts give—  
Life is not measured by the time we live :  
'Tis not an even course of threescore years,—  
A life of narrow views and paltry fears,  
Gray hairs and wrinkles and the cares they bring,  
That take from Death the terrors or the sting ;

But 'tis the gen'rous spirit, mounting high  
 Above the world, that native of the sky,  
 The noble spirit, that in dangers brave,  
 Calmly looks on, and looks beyond the grave.  
 CRABBE, *The Village*, Book ii.

### June 16.

#### CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;  
 But of the two, less dang'rous is the offence,  
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense,  
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;  
 A fool might once himself alone expose,  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.  
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, but each believes his own.  
 In poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;  
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
 And censure freely who have written well.

Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
 Want as much more to turn it to its use ;  
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
 Tho' meant each other's aid, as man and wife.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd. —  
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,  
That gives us back the image of our mind.  
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.  
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.  
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;  
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;  
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,  
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd ;  
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,  
As several garbs with country, town, and court.  
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,  
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :  
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,  
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much ;  
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shows great pride, or little sense ;  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

Good nature and good sense must ever join ;  
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*.

June 17.

THE EXILE.

(*Venice—The Prison.*)

*Mariana.* "Thy life is safe."

*Jacopo.* "And liberty?"

"The mind should make its own."

"That has a noble sound, but 'tis a sound,  
A music most impressive, but too transient :  
The mind is much, but is not all . . .

Return to Candia? Then my last hope's gone.  
I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice ;  
I could support the torture, there was something  
In my native air that buoyed my spirits up  
Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,  
But proudly still bestriding the high waves,  
And holding on its course ; but there, afar,  
In that accursed isle of slaves and captives,  
And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck  
My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom,  
And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded."

"It was the lot of millions, and must be  
The fate of myriads more?"

"Ay—we but hear  
Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,  
Their numbers and success ; but who can number  
The hearts which broke in silence of that parting ?  
Or after their departure ; of that malady  
Which calls up green and native fields to view  
From the rough deep, with such identity  
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he



Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them?  
That melody, which out of tones and tunes  
Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow  
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away  
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,  
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,  
And dies. You call this weakness! It is strength,  
I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.  
He who loves not his country, can love nothing.”  
“Obey her then: 'tis she that puts thee forth.”

“Ah! you never yet  
Were far away from Venice, never saw  
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,  
While every furrow of the vessel's track  
Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you never  
Saw day go down upon your native spires  
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,  
And after dreaming a disturbed vision  
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not!”

BYRON, *The Two Foscari*.

June 18.

EVENING.

THE evening comes, the fields are still.  
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,  
Unheard all day, ascends again;  
Deserted is the half-mown plain,  
Silent the swaths. The ringing wain,  
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,  
All housed within the sleeping farms!  
The business of the day is done,  
The last left haymaker is gone.  
And from the thyme upon the height,

And from the elder-blossom white  
And pale dogroses in the hedge,  
And from the mint plant in the sedge,  
In puffs of balm the night air blows  
The perfume which the day foregoes.  
And on the pure horizon far,  
See, pulsing with the first-born star,  
The liquid sky above the hill !  
The evening comes, the fields are still.

M. ARNOLD, *Bacchanalia*.

### June 19.

#### THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING CROSS.

Demolished 1647 by order of the House of Commons  
as popish and superstitious.

UNDONE, undone, the lawyers are,  
They wander about the towne,  
Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
Now Charing Cross is downe :  
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,  
Swearing they are at a loss,  
And chaffing say, that's not the way,  
They must go by Charing Cross.

The parliament to vote it down  
Conceived it very fitting,  
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,  
In the House, as they were sitting.  
They were told, godwot, it had a plot,  
Which made them so hard-hearted,  
To give command, it should not stand,  
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse,  
For anything I know,  
Than that Tomkins and Chaloner,  
Were hang'd for long agoe.  
Our parliament did that prevent,  
And wisely them defended,  
For plots they will discover still,  
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,  
Will say, I'm confident,  
They ever heard it speak one word  
Against the parliament.  
An informer swore, it letters bore,  
Or else it had been freed ;  
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,  
It could neither write nor read.

The committee said, that verily  
To popery it was bent ;  
For ought I know, it might be so,  
For to church it never went.  
What with excise, and such device,  
The kingdom doth begin  
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,  
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the Common council shou'd  
Of it have taken pity,  
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood  
So firmly to the city.  
Since crosses you so much disdain,  
Faith, if I were as you,  
For fear the King should rule again,  
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

PERCY'S *Reliques*.

June 20.

EVENING.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea :  
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with His Eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder, everlastingly.  
 Dear child, dear girl, that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thoughts  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine ;  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;  
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WORDSWORTH.

June 21.

A DOCTOUR OF PHISIKE.

IN all this world ne was ther non him like,  
 To speke of phisike and of surgerie.

He knew the cause of every maladié ;  
 Were it y cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,  
 And when engendred, and of what humour ;  
 He was a veray parfite practisour.  
 The cause y knowen, and of his harm the rote,  
 Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.  
 Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,  
 To send him drugges, and his lettuaries,  
 For each of hem made othe for to winne,  
 His friendship n'as not newe to beginne.

CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue.

## June 22.

## DEATH.

IT is not death, that sometimes in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;  
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow :  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite  
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below ;  
It is not death to know this—but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves  
Over the past-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

T. HOOD.

## June 23.

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving Love endears ;  
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,  
The age the same, except in tears—  
How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
How sweet this very hour to die !  
To soar from earth and find all fears,  
Lost in thy light—Eternity !

It must be so : 'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink :  
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to Being's severing link.

Oh ! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares ;  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !  
BYRON.

### June 24.

#### ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

COME forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of  
good St. John,  
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills  
upon ;  
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed  
day is new,  
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere  
the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the woodlands  
are all green,  
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves  
between ;  
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by  
the stream,  
Ere the face of Guadalquivir glows beneath the  
strengthening beam.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber  
not away  
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's  
day ;  
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,  
And woodbine on the blossoming bush, which you  
must pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is  
calm and cool,  
And the orange blossom ye may see, reflected in  
the pool ;  
The lemon and the roses, and the jasmine all  
together,  
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong,  
the noble wether.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather  
myrtle boughs,  
And we shall learn from the dew on the fern if our  
lads will keep their vows,  
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and  
the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,  
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true,  
and the Baptist's blessing is ours.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of  
good St. John,  
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills  
upon ;  
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed  
day is new,  
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere  
the sun has dried the dew.

*Spanish Peasant Song, trans. J. LOCKHART.*

### June 25.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS,  
JUNE 25, 1848.

A DAY of clouds and darkness ! a day of wrath  
and woe !  
The war of elements above, the strife of men below !  
Thro' the air rings shout and outcry,—thro' the  
streets a red tide pours,—

To the booming of the cannon the ancient city roars ;  
For wilder than the tempest is human passion's  
    strife,  
And deadlier than the elements the waste of  
    human life :

No breathing time for pity, 'tis the long stern tug  
    of might,  
The war of poor against the rich, and both against  
    the right ;  
Each street and lane the artillery sweeps,—the rifle  
    enfilades,  
With stone and bar, with beam and spar, they pile  
    the barricades ;  
And women, fiends with blood-specked arms,  
    fierce eye, and frenzied mien,  
Cry "Up the Red Republic !" and "Up the  
    Guillotine !"

Now forth and on them, Garde Mobile ! stout  
    heart, firm hand, quick eye !  
No mercy know, no quarter show, to pity is to die !  
To the last worst fate of cities,—the murder and  
    the rape,  
'Tis yours to give one answer, the sabre and the  
    grape :  
There is lust and hate and murder—they have  
    filled rebellion's cup,  
And to the God of Vengeance the city's cry  
    goes up !

And more and more, on, on they pour ; there's the  
    battery's thicker flame,  
And the quicker ring of musketry, and the rifle's  
    deadlier aim ;  
Go, hurry to the Assembly,—for the bravest chiefs  
    are there,—  
Bedeau and Bréa, and Cavaignac and Lamoricière.



And in and out the frequent scout goes hastening  
as he may ;

“At the Rue d’Antoine the Garde Mobile have the  
better of the day”—

“Some succour to the Port au Blé—they scarce can  
hold their own”—

“Help, help ! or all is over at the Barrière du  
Trône !”

And out and forth, east, west, and north, the hurrying  
chiefs advance,

To combat with the combatants, and to die, if  
needs, for France.

Who come towards the barricade with steady steps  
and slow,

With prayers and tears, and blessings to aid them  
as they go ?

Among the armed no armour the little cohort  
boasts,

Their leader is their Prelate, their trust the Lord of  
Hosts ?

And the brave Archbishop tells them in voice most  
sweet and deep,

How the Good Shepherd layeth down His life to  
save the sheep :

How some short years of grief and tears were no  
great price to give,

That peace might come from discord, and bid these  
rebels live :

Rebels so precious in His eyes, that He, Whose  
word is fate,

Alone could make, alone redeem, alone regenerate !

One moment’s lull of firing, and near and nearer  
goes

That candidate for martyrdom to the midmost of  
his foes ;

And on he went, with love unspent, toward the  
rifled line,  
As calm in faith, in sight of death, as in his Church's  
shrine :  
And the war closed deadlier round him, and more  
savage rose the cheer,  
And the bullets whistled past him, but still he knew  
no fear :  
And calmer grew his visage, and brighter grew his  
eye,  
He could not save his people, for his people he  
could die :  
And, following in the holy steps of Him that har-  
rowed hell,  
By death crushed death, by falling upraised the  
men that fell.

They bear him from his passion, for the prize of  
peace is won :  
His warfare is accomplished, his godlike errand  
run :  
They kneel before his litter, in the midst of hottest  
strife ;  
They ask his prayers, the uttermost, who gave for  
them his life,  
So, offering up his sacrifice to God with free accord,  
The city's Martyr Bishop went home to see his  
Lord !

Now God be praised that even yet His promise  
doth not fail !  
The gates of hell can never more against his Church  
prevail :  
When human ties are slackened, and earthly  
kingdoms rock,  
And thrones and sceptres crumble, like potsherd in  
the shock :

There's that, unearthly, tho' on earth, that ne'er  
shall be o'erthrown :  
Laud to the King of Martyrs for the Victory of His  
own !

J. M. NEALE.

June 26.

SALVATOR MUNDI.

O FAIR as far, pure as Thou art unseen,  
Sole Comforter of this most pitiful world,  
Almighty, though the red wounds glow with fire  
Of unforgetful love : O Heart of Life,  
Food of my yearful soul, Thou Son of God,  
I do not ask to see Thee, not as yet—  
But distantly, as some far guiding light  
Leaps o'er the gale's proud crests and sheeted spray  
Shows here the haven, there the gates of death,  
Rise on th' eternal shore beyond the storm,  
Reveal Thyself our Life, and bid us come  
Through wild estranging floods companionless  
Beneath a starless night to Thee and Home.

June 27.

STARS.

“MORE and more stars ! and ever as I gaze  
Brighter and brighter seen !  
Whence come they, Father ? trace me out their ways  
Far in the deep serene.”  
My child, these eyes of mine but faintly show  
One step on earth below :  
And even our wisest may but dream, they say,  
Of what is done on high by yon empyreal ray.

Thou know'st at deepening twilight, how afar  
On heath or mountain down  
The shepherds kindle many an earthly star,  
How from the low damp town  
We thro' the mist the lines of torchlight trace  
In dwellings proud or base :  
But whom they light, what deeds and words are there,  
We know but this alone—'tis well if all be prayer.

Whether on lonely shades the pale sad ray  
From a sick chamber fall,  
Or amid thousands more beam glad and gay  
From mirthful bower or hall,  
If pure the joy, and patient be the woe,  
Heaven's breath is there we know :  
And surely of yon lamps on high we deem  
As of pure worlds, whereon the floods of mercy  
stream.

More and more stars, here in our outward Heaven,  
More and more Saints above !  
But to the wistful gaze the sight is given,  
The vision to meek love,—  
Love taught of old to treasure and embalm  
Whate'er in morning calm  
Or evening soft steals from the gracious skies,  
The dryground freshening with the dews of Paradise.

More and more stars ! behold yon hazy arch  
Spanning the vault on high,  
By planets traversed in majestic march,  
Seeming to earth's dull eye  
A breath of gleaming air : but take thou wing  
Of Faith and upward spring :—  
Into a thousand stars the misty light  
Will part ; each star a world with its own day and  
night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host  
Upon the glorious shore  
Deem thou. He marks them all, not one is lost ;  
By name He counts them o'er.  
Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,  
May on its glory throne  
As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer  
As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest  
thro' this air.

J. KEBLE.

June 28.

VEXATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight ; which whoso bears,  
Knows his own woe, and need of succouring grace ;  
The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace  
Of flowing blood ; the while life's humblest cares  
Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no  
place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief  
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.  
Apart from Him if not a sparrow fail,  
May not He pitying view, and send relief  
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish thoughts  
prevail.

Then keep good heart, nor take the self-wise course  
Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.  
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly, just  
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,  
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

J. H. NEWMAN.

June 29.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (*Old Ballad*).

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,  
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day :  
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning ;  
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming,  
'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play ;  
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—  
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the  
Border,  
The English for ance, by guile wan the day ;  
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the  
foremost,  
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking ;  
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;  
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—  
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

*Old Ballad, Minstrelsy of the Border.*

June 30.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (*Modern Version*).

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,  
I've tasted her favours and felt her decay ;  
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,  
But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,  
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay ;  
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air  
perfuming,  
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,  
And the red stream roaring, before the parting  
day ;  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the  
sunny beams,  
Turn drumly and dark, as they rolled on their way.

O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?  
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day ?  
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot  
cheer me,  
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

MRS. COCKBURN.

## July 1.

## THE WEATHERCOCK.

WHENE'ER thy shining vane arrests my view,  
Keeping its solitary watch on high,  
Amidst the tempest's wildest revelry,  
Or summer skies of deep and boundless blue ;—  
In every change, still ready found and true,—  
Intent to learn, as with a servant's eye,  
Thy Ruler's will, and own His mastery,  
As fickle I condemn thee not, tho' few  
There are who do not this injustice show,  
And turn thy very faithfulness to naught.  
May I the truths thou teachest better know,  
And void of pride, with as self-wisdom fraught  
One Master serve, and tho' misjudged below  
By His unerring Will, whate'er it prompts be taught.

FRANCIS LEAR, Dean of Salisbury.

## July 2.

## FAMILIAR LOVE.

WE read together, reading the same book,  
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,  
So that each shade that either spirit took  
Was straight reflected in the other's face :



We read, not silent, nor aloud—but each  
Followed the eye that past the page along,  
With a low murmuring sound that was not speech,  
    Yet with so much monotony,  
    In its half slumbering harmony,  
    You might not call it song :  
    More like a bee, that in the sun rejoices,  
Than any customed mood of human voices.  
Then if some wayward or disputed sense  
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on  
A strife of gracious-worded difference,  
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,  
We had experience of a blissful state,  
In which our powers of thought stood separate,  
Each in its own high freedom, set apart,  
But both close folded in one loving heart ;  
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be  
Both one and two in our identity.

We prayed together, sharing the same prayer  
But each that prayed did seem to be alone,  
And saw the other, in a golden air  
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,  
Beck'ning the kneeler to arise and sit  
Within the glory which encompassed it :  
And when obeyed, the Vision stood beside,  
And led the way through the upper hyaline,  
Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,  
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,  
The beauty of the Spirit Bride,  
Who guided the rapt Florentine.

The depth of human reason must become  
As deep as is the holy human heart,  
Ere aught in written phrases can impart  
The might and meaning of that extasy  
To those low souls, who hold the mystery  
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

But we were mortal still, and when again  
We raised our mortal knees, I do not say  
That our descending spirits felt no pain  
To meet the dimness of an earthly day ;  
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more  
Debased the higher that they rose before,  
But from the exaltation of that hour,  
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down  
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power  
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,  
We past into the outer world, to prove  
The strength miraculous of united Love.

LORD HOUGHTON.

### July 3.

#### LIFE.

HE is the happiest man, whose eye,  
Just glancing nature's majesty,  
The sun's impartial light,  
The fire, the clouds, the deep,  
The twinkling stars of night,  
Is straightway closed in sleep ;  
Whose footsteps to the distant bourn  
From whence he came, with speed return.  
For though on earth a hundred years he range,  
He shall not look on nature's change ;  
The elements the heavens so fair,  
That met his infant gaze,  
A more majestic beauty wear,  
Than aught beside displays.

Life is a fair where thousands jostle,  
Where all is dice, and thieves, and bustle,  
All tumults fierce, and wranglings loud :  
And we are pilgrims 'mid the crowd.

Who would not long such scene to leave  
Ere strife or losses bid him grieve ?  
(To be the first his home to win,  
Or rest him in some quiet inn ?  
The lingerer finds but toils unceasing,  
Sorrows, and wants, and foes increasing :  
No certain joy, no changeless friend :  
A darker life, a bitterer end.

J. ANSTICE, *from Menander.*

### July 4.

#### MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

YES, it was the mountain echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply  
To a babbling wanderer sent :  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like, but O how different !

Hears not also mortal Life ?  
Hear not we, unthinking creatures !  
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—  
Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ?—yes, we have  
Answers, and we know not whence :  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognised intelligence.

Such rebounds our inward ear  
 Catches sometimes from afar—  
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear ;  
 For of God—of God they are.

WORDSWORTH.

### July 5.

#### BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic can dispose  
 The troubled mind to change its native woes ?  
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see  
 Others more wretched, more undone than we ?  
 This, Books can do ;—nor this alone, they give  
 New views to life, and teach us how to live ;  
 They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,  
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise :  
 Their aid they yield to all : they never shun  
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone :  
 Unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud,  
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;  
 Nor tell to various people various things,  
 But show to subjects, what they show to kings.

Yet man's best efforts taste of man, and show  
 The poor and troubled source from which they  
 flow :

Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,  
 And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.

Lo ! all in silence, all in order stand,  
 And mighty folios,<sup>1</sup> first, a lordly band ;

<sup>1</sup> A Frenchman was asked if he liked books in *folio* ? “No,” said he, “I like them in *fructu*.”

Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,  
 And light octavos fill a spacious plain :  
 See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,  
 A humbler band of duodecimos ;  
 While undistinguished trifles swell the scene,  
 The last new play and frittered magazine.  
 Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,  
 In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state ;  
 Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,  
 Are much admired, and but little read ;  
 The commons next, and middle rank, are found ;  
 Professions fruitful pour their offspring round ;  
 Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,  
 And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.

Hence, in these times, untouch'd the pages lie,  
 And slumber out their immortality :  
 They *had* their day, when after all his toil,  
 His morning study, and his midnight oil,  
 At length an author's one great work appear'd,  
 By patient hope, and length of days, endear'd ;  
 Expecting nations hailed it from the press ;  
 Poetic friends prefix'd each kind address ;  
 Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,  
 And ladies read the work they could not lift.

CRABBE, *The Library*.

### July 6.

#### PRIDE.

IF thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure,  
 Stranger, henceforth be warned ; and know that  
     pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,

Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used ; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself doth look on one,  
The least of Nature's works, one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou !  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

### July 7.

#### THANKFULNESS.

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice  
First quickened love divine ;  
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,  
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence  
In childhood frail I trace,  
For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,  
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;  
Blessings, when reason's awful power  
Gave thought a bolder range :

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
Unasked, unhopèd, have come ;  
And, choicer still, a countless store  
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
I shrine those seasons sad,  
When, looking up, I saw Thy Face  
— In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,  
Love-tokens in Thy stead,  
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,  
And thorn-encompassed Head.

And such Thy loving force be still,  
'Mid life's fierce shifting fray,  
Shaping to Truth self's froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove  
The lure of power or name ;  
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,  
And Faith in this world's shame.

J. H. NEWMAN.

### July 8.

#### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid these earthly damps ;  
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.



Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

### July 9.

#### THE CHURCH FLOORE.

MARK you the floore? that square and speckled stone  
Which looks so firm and strong,  
Is PATIENCE :

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one  
Is checker'd all along,  
HUMILITY.

The gentle rising, which, on either hand,  
Leads to the Quire above,  
Is CONFIDENCE :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band  
Ties the whole frame, is LOVE  
And CHARITIE.

Hither sometimes Sinne steals, and stains  
The marbles neat and curious veins :  
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.  
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,  
Blows all the dust about the floore ;  
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.  
Blest be the Architect, whose art  
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church.*

July 10.

POETRY.

TIME was, a sober Englishman would knock  
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;  
Instruct his family in every rule,  
And send his wife to church, his son to school ;  
To worship like his fathers was his care ;  
To teach his frugal virtues to his heir ;  
To prove that luxury could never hold ;  
And place, on good security, his gold.  
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch  
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich :  
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,  
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays ;  
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,  
And all our grace at table is a song.  
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,  
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I,  
When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,  
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;

We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

Of little use the man you may suppose,  
Who says in verse what others say in prose ;  
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,  
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.  
What will a child learn sooner than a song?  
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?  
What's long or short, each accent where to place,  
And speak in public with some sort of grace.  
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
Unless he praise some monster of a king,  
Or virtue, or religion, turn to sport,  
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.

How could devotion touch the country-pews,  
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?  
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,  
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.  
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,  
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;  
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,  
And Heav'n is won by violence of song.

POPE, *Imitations of Horace.*

### July 11.

A GOOD man ther was of religioun,  
That was a poure persone of a toun :  
But riche he was of holy thought and werk,  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Criste's gospel trewely wolde preche,  
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche,

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversite ful patient :  
 And swiche he was ypreved often sithes,  
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,  
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,  
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,  
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance,  
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance,  
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,  
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
 In sicknesse and in mischief to visite  
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,  
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staff.  
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,  
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,  
 And this figure he added yet thereto,  
 That if golde ruste, what shuld iren do ?

Well ought a preeste ensample for to yeve,  
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe should live.  
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.  
 And tho' he holy were, and vertuous,  
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,  
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,  
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.  
 To drawn folk to heaven, with fairnesse,  
 By good ensample was his besinesse.

CHAUCER, *Prologue to Canterbury Tales*.

July 12.

COMPARISON.

The lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand  
 The little billows hastened silently  
 Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band,

Soon as they touched the shore all doomed to die.  
I gazed upon them with a pensive eye,  
For, on that dim and melancholy strand,  
I saw the image of man's destiny,  
So hurry we right onwards thoughtlessly,  
Unto the coast of that Eternal Land.  
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,  
The first faint touch unable to withstand,  
We melt at once into eternity.  
O Thou who weighest the waters in Thine Hand,  
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee.

## July 13.

## SOUND SLEEP.

SOME are laughing, some are weeping :  
She is sleeping, only sleeping.  
Round her rest wild flowers are creeping ;  
There the wind is heaping, heaping  
Sweetest sweets of summer's keeping,  
By the cornfields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes  
The deep rose, and there the thrushes  
Sing till latest sunlight flushes  
In the west ; a fresh wind brushes  
Through the leaves while evening hushes.

There by day the lark is singing,  
And the grass and weeds are springing ;  
There by night the bat is winging ;  
There for ever winds are bringing  
Far-off chimes of church bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,  
Their sounds fill her dreams with Heaven :  
The long strife at length is striven :  
Till her grave bands shall be riven,  
Such is the good portion given  
To her soul at rest and shriven.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

July 14.

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right,  
Pray, if thou canst with hope ; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay :  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Avals the blessed time to expedite.  
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,  
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :  
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;  
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

July 15.

TO DIANE.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies ;  
Nor be you proud, that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free ;

Be not you proud of that rich haire,  
Which wantons with the lovesick aire ;  
When as that rubie which you weare,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
Will last to be a precious stone,  
When all your world of beautie's gone !

HERRICK, *Hesperides*.

July 16.

THE LAST KISS.

TAKE the last kiss,—the last for ever !  
Yet render thanks amidst your gloom :  
He, severed from his home and kindred,  
Is passing onwards to the tomb ;  
For earthly labours, earthly pleasures,  
And carnal joys, he cares no more :  
Where are his kinsfolk and acquaintance ?  
They stand upon another shore.  
Let us say, around him pressed,  
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest !

The hour of woe and separation,  
The hour of falling tears is this.  
Him that so lately was among us  
For the last time of all we kiss :  
Up to the grave to be surrendered,  
Sealed with the monumental stone,  
A dweller in the house of darkness,  
Amidst the dead to lie alone.  
Let us say, around him pressed,  
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest.

What is our life? a fading flower ;  
A vapour, passing soon away ;  
The dew-drops of the early morning :—  
Come, gaze upon the tombs to-day.

Where now is youth? where now is beauty?  
And grace of form, and sparkling eye?  
All, like the summer grass, are withered;  
All are abolished utterly.  
While our eyes with grief grow dim,  
Let us weep to Christ for him.

Behold and weep we, friends and brethren!  
Voice, sense, and breath, and motion gone!  
But yesterday I dwelt among you!  
Then death's most fearful hour came on.  
Embrace me with the last embracement;  
Kiss me with this, the latest kiss:  
Never again shall I be with you,  
Never with you share woe or bliss.  
I go toward the dread tribunal  
Where no man's person is preferred;  
Where lord and slave, where chief and soldier,  
Where rich and poor alike are heard:  
One is the manner of their judgment,  
Their plea and their condition one:  
And they shall reap in woe or glory,  
The earthly deeds that they have done.

I pray you, brethren, I adjure you,  
Pour forth to Christ the ceaseless prayer,  
He would not doom me to Gehenna,  
But in His glory give me share!  
J. M. NEALE.

### July 17.

#### CHANCE.

O CHANCE, suggesting many a plan,  
Attaining many an end for man,  
How oft, when wisdom's titles shine,  
And craft claims praise, the work is thine!



Our woe's our own ; from thee we borrow  
More oft the taste of joy than sorrow.  
Grace shines around thy golden wing,  
Thy wand can bliss bestow,  
Thy bounties to thy chosen fling  
The brightest lot below.  
And, when afflictions round us hover,  
'Tis thine to point the way,  
And in that midnight gloom discover  
The opening light of day.  
Well at thy shrine may mortals bow,  
The mightiest of the gods art thou.

J. ANSTICE : *from* ÆSCHYLUS.

July 18.

MEMORY.

I HAVE a room whereinto no one enters,  
Save I myself alone :  
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,  
There my life centres.

While winter comes and goes—O tedious comer !—  
And while its nip-wind blows :  
While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose  
Of lavish summer.

If any should force entrance he might see there  
One buried yet not dead,  
Before whose face I no more bow my head  
Or bend my knee there ;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather  
I watch there with clear eyes,  
And think how it will be in Paradise  
When we're together.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## July 19.

O FOR one minute hark what we are saying !  
This is not pleasure that we ask of Thee !  
Nay, let all life be weary with our praying,  
Streaming of tears, and bending of the knee :—

Only we ask thro' shadows of the valley  
Stay of Thy staff and guiding of Thy rod,  
Only, when rulers of the darkness rally,  
Be Thou beside us, very near, O God !

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

## July 20.

## THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

. . . THE people's honest child,  
The field flower of the open sky,  
Ready to live while winds are wild,  
Nor, when they soften, loth to die :  
To him there never came a thought  
That this his life was meant to be  
A pleasure-house, where peace unbought  
Should minister to pride or glee.

You oft may hear him murmur loud  
Against the uneven lots of Fate,  
You oft may see him inly bowed  
Beneath affliction's weight on weight :—  
But rarely turns he on his grief  
A face of petulant surprise,  
Or scorns whate'er benign relief  
The hand of God or man supplies.

This great endurance of each ill,  
As a plain fact whose right or wrong  
They question not, confiding still,  
That it shall last not over-long ;  
Willing, from first to last, to take  
The mysteries of our life, as given ;  
Leaving the time-worn soul to slake  
Its thirst in an undoubted Heaven.

LORD HOUGHTON.

July 21.

( THE OLIVE TREE. )

SAID an ancient hermit, bending  
Half in prayer upon his knee,  
“Oil I need for midnight watching,  
I desire an olive tree.”

Then he took a tender sapling,  
Planted it before his cave,  
Spread his trembling hands above it,  
As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,  
That the root may drink and swell :  
“God ! I pray Thee send Thy showers !”  
So a gentle shower fell.

“Lord ! I ask for beams of summer,  
Cherishing this little child.”  
Then the dripping clouds divided,  
And the sun looked down and smiled.

“Send it frost to brace its tissues,  
O my God !” the hermit cried.  
Then the plant was bright and hoary,  
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother  
Sitting in his rocky cell :  
“Thou an olive tree possessest ;  
How is this, my brother, tell ?

“I have planted one, and prayed,  
Now for sunshine, now for rain ;  
God hath granted each petition,  
Yet my olive tree hath slain !”

“Said the other, “I intrusted  
To its God my little tree ;  
He who made knew what it needed  
Better than a man like me.

“Laid I on Him no conditions,  
Fixed not ways and means, so I  
Wonder not my olive thriveth,  
Whilst thy olive tree did die.”

S. BARING GOULD.

### July 22.

#### THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas !  
Makes him to see them, as they pass,  
As thro' a dim or tinted glass :

But if in earnest care you would  
Mete out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,  
That leave your spirit bowed and bent  
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more,—tho' free from seeming harm,  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, not to be linked again  
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every Hour  
May die as dies the natural flower  
A self-reviving thing of power,—

That every Thought and every Deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future mead ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy.

LORD HOUGHTON.

July 23.

BALLAD.

IF doughty deeds my ladye please,  
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;  
And strong his arm and fast his seat,  
That bears frae me the meed.  
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
Thy picture at my heart ;  
And he that bends not to thine eye,  
Shall rue it to his smart.  
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,  
O tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,  
I'll dight me in array ;  
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
And squire thee all the day.  
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,  
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;  
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,  
That voice that nane can match.  
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,  
O tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I never broke a vow ;  
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
I never loved but you.

For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue ;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O tell me how to woo !  
O tell me how to woo thee, love,  
O tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me !

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

July 24.

SIC ITUR.

AS, at a railway junction, men  
Who came together, taking then  
One the train up, one down, again

Meet never ! Ah, much more as they  
Who take one street's two sides, and say  
Hard parting words, but walk one way :

Though moving other mates between,  
While carts and coaches intervene,  
Each to the other goes unseen,

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack  
Knowledge they walk not back to back,  
But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,  
And common hopes their guidance lend  
To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,  
Or thou go thither, or it be  
Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.  
Ah joy ! when with the closing street,  
Forgivingly at last ye greet !

A. H. CLOUGH.

### July 25.

#### THE CID AND THE LEPER.

HE has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with  
him to go,  
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James  
doth owe,  
To Campostella, where the shrine doth by the altar  
stand,  
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding thro' the  
land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble  
folk and poor ;  
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to  
procure ;  
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace  
to win  
His hand was ever bountiful ; great was his joy  
therein.

And there in middle of the path, a leper did appear :  
In a deep slough the leper lay ; to help none would  
come near,  
Tho' earnestly to them did cry, "For God our  
Saviour's sake,  
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother  
take !"



When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from  
his horse came down ;  
For all they said no stay he made, that noble  
champion,  
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was  
no account,  
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the  
leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man ; when to their  
hostelrie  
They came, he made him eat with him at table  
cheerfully ;  
While all the rest from that poor guest with loath-  
ing shrunk away,  
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there  
he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo  
slept,  
A breath came from the leper which thro' his  
shoulders crept ;  
Right thro' the body, by the heart, passed forth  
that breathing cold ;  
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,  
Thro' the dark chamber groped he, with sore and  
anxious mind ;  
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp  
was brought,  
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, tho' far and near  
they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot ! perplexed  
sore  
With that which had befallen—when lo ! his face  
before,

There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining  
white ;

Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest  
thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo, "but tell me who art  
thou,

For in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy  
brow?"

"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;  
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath  
been ;

God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst  
relieve yestreen.

There shall be honour with thee, in battle and in  
peace,

Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to  
undo ;

Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—  
Christians and Moslems too :

A death of honour shalt thou die, such grace to thee  
is given,

Thy soul shalt part victoriously, and be received in  
heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit  
vanished quite.

Rodrigo rose and knelt him down,—he knelt till  
morning light :

Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,  
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the  
morning clear.

J. G. LOCKHART, *Spanish Ballads.*

## July 26.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

## July 27.

## A QUESTION.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows  
Like the wave ;  
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.  
Love lends life a little grace,  
A few sad smiles ; and then,  
Both are laid in one cold place,  
In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die  
Like spring flowers ;  
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.  
Men dig graves with bitter tears  
For their dead hopes ; and all,  
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears,  
Count the hours.

We count the hours ! These dreams of ours,  
False and hollow,  
Do we go hence and find they are not dead ?  
Joys we dimly apprehend,  
Faces that smiled and fled,  
Hopes born here, and born to end,  
Shall we follow ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

July 28.

ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

HERE let us leave him ; for his shroud the snow,  
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,  
For a great sign the icy stair shall go  
Between the heights to Heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,  
High in the stainless eminence of air ;  
The next, he was not :—to his fatherland  
Translated unaware.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

July 29.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for ? Say, to toil ;  
Nor seek to leave the tending of thy vines  
For all the heat of the day, till it declines,  
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,  
For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to all,  
The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,  
And share its dewdrop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

July 30.

O SODEN wo, that ever art successour  
To worldly blis ; spreint is with bitternesse  
The ende of the joye of our worldly labour  
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse,  
Herken this conseil for thy sikernes :  
Upon thy gladde day have in thy minde  
The unaware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

CHAUCER, *Man of Lawes Tale*.

July 31.

MAN.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of Mankind is Man :  
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :  
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,  
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride ;  
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;  
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;  
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;  
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
Whether he thinks too little or too much :  
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;  
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;  
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all.  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !  
Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science  
    guides,  
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;  
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;  
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,  
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;  
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,  
And quitting sense call imitating God :  
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.  
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—  
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

POPE, *Essay on Man*.

## August 1.

## EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said :  
" Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene ?"  
" Bravely !" said he ; " for I of late have been  
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the Living  
Bread."

O human soul ! as long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,  
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—  
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night !  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy  
home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## August 2.

## AT FLORENCE.

ETERNAL LORD ! eased of a cumbrous load,  
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee ;  
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee  
To Thy protection for a safe abode.

The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,  
 The meek, benign, and lacerated Face,  
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,  
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.  
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine  
 My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear ;  
 Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe ;  
 Wash with Thy Blood my sins ; thereto incline  
 More readily the more my years require  
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *trans.* by WORDSWORTH.

### August 3.

TEARS though they're here below the sinners' brine,  
 Above, they are the angels' spiced wine.

IF little labour, little are our gains ;  
 Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK.

### August 4.

#### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

. . . BUT there are  
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far  
 More self-destroying, leading by degrees,  
 To the chief intensity : the crown of these  
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high  
 Upon the forehead of humanity.



All its more ponderous and bulky worth  
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth  
A steady splendour ; but at the tip-top,  
There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop  
Of light, and that is love : its influence  
Thrown in our eyes genders a novel sense,  
At which we start and fret : till in the end,  
Melting into its radiance, we blend,  
Mingle, and so become a part of it,—  
Nor with aught else can our souls interknit  
So wingedly : when we combine therewith,  
Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,  
And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.  
Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,  
That men, who might have tower'd in the van  
Of all the congregated world, to fan  
And winnow from the coming step of time  
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime  
Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,  
Have been content to let occasion die,  
Whilst they did sleep in love's Elysium.  
And truly, I would rather be struck dumb,  
Than speak against this ardent listlessness :  
For I have ever thought that it might bless  
The world with benefits unknowingly ;  
As does the nightingale, up-perched high,  
And cloistered among cool and bunched leaves—  
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives,  
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.  
Just so may love, although 'tis understood  
The mere commingling of passionate breath,  
Produce more than our searching witnesseth ;  
What I know not ; but who, of men, can tell  
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit  
would swell  
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,  
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,

The meadows runnels, runnels pebble stones,  
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,  
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,  
 If human souls did never kiss and greet?

KEATS, *Endymion*.

### August 5.

#### THE CHURCH.

"WHAT is a Church?" Let Truth and Reason  
 speak,

They would reply, "The faithful, pure, and meek :  
 From Christian folds, the one selected race,  
 Of all professions, and in every place."

"What is a Church?" "A flock," our vicar cries,  
 "Whom bishops govern and whom priests advise ;  
 Wherein are various states and due degrees,  
 The bench for honour, and the stall for ease ;  
 That ease be mine, which, after all his cares,  
 The pious, peaceful prebendary shares."

"What is a Church?" Our honest sexton tells,  
 "'Tis a tall building with a tower and bells ;  
 Where priest and clerk, with joint exertion strive  
 To keep the ardour of their flock alive ;  
 That,—by his periods eloquent and grave ;  
 This,—by responses and a well-set stave ;  
 These for the living ; but when life be fled,  
 I toll myself the requiem for the dead."

'Tis to this Church I call thee, and that place  
 Where slept our fathers when they'd run their race ;  
 We too shall rest, and then our children keep  
 Their road in life, and then forgotten, sleep :  
 Meanwhile the building slowly falls away,  
 And like the builders, will in time decay.

CRABBE, *The Borough*.

## August 6.

## SECTS.

MINDS are for sects of various kinds decreed,  
As diff'rent soils are form'd for diff'rent seed ;  
Some when converted sigh in sore amaze,  
And some are wrapt in joy's ecstatic blaze ;  
Others again will change to each extreme,  
They know not why, as hurried in a dream :  
Unstable they, like water, take all forms,  
Are quick and stagnant ; have their calms and  
    storms ;  
High on the hills they in the sunbeams glow,  
Then muddily they move debased and slow ;  
Or cold and frozen rest, and neither rise nor flow.

Here are, who all the Church maintains approve,  
But yet the Church herself they will not love :  
In angry speech they blame the carnal tie,  
Which pure religion lost her spirit by :  
What time from prisons, flames and tortures led,  
She slumber'd careless in a royal bed ;  
To make, they add, the Church's glory shine,  
Should Diocletian reign, not Constantine.

    . . . And now behold  
The Church of Rome, who here is poor and old :  
Use not triumphant rail'ry, or at least  
Let not thy ancient mother be a beast :  
Great was her pride indeed in ancient times,  
Yet shall we think of nothing but her crimes ?  
Exalted high above all earthly things,  
She placed her foot upon the neck of kings ;

But some have deeply since avenged the crown,  
And thrown her glory and her honours down :

We've Baptists old and new,—forbear to ask  
What the distinction—I decline the task !  
This I perceive, that when a sect grows old,  
Converts are few, and the converted cold :

Some Swedenborgians in our streets are found,  
Those wandering walkers on enchanted ground,  
Who in our world can other worlds survey,  
And speak with spirits though confined in clay :  
But while these gifted men, a favoured fold,  
New powers exhibit and new worlds behold,  
Is there not danger lest their minds confound  
The pure above them with the gross around ?  
Alas ! too sure on both they bring disgrace,  
Their earth is crazy, and their heaven is base !

Jews are with us, but far unlike to those  
Who, led by David, warr'd with Israel's foes :  
Unlike to those whom his imperial son  
Taught truths divine—the Preacher Solomon :  
Nor war nor wisdom yield our Jews delight,  
They will not study, and they dare not fight.

More might I add : I might describe the flocks  
Made by seceders from the ancient stocks ;  
Those who will not to any guide submit,  
Nor find one creed to their conceptions fit—  
Each sect, they judge, in something goes astray,  
And every church has lost the certain way.

CRABBE, *The Borough.*

## August 7.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of th' inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways,  
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagin'd for the mighty dead ;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.  
Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,  
They always must be with us, or we die.

KEATS, *Endymion*.

## August 8.

## HEAVENBORN BEAUTY.

IT came, I know not whence, from far above,  
That clear immortal flame that still doth rise  
Within thy sacred breast, and fills the skies,  
And heals all hearts, and adds to heaven new  
love.

This burns me, this, and the pure light thereof ;  
Not thy fair face, thy sweet untroubled eyes :  
For love that is not love for aught that dies,  
Dwells in the soul where no base passions move.

If then such loveliness upon its own  
Should graft new beauties in a mortal birth,  
The sheath bespeaks the shining blade within.  
To gain our love God hath not clearer shown  
Himself elsewhere : thus heaven doth vie with  
earth,

To make thee worthy worship without sin.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

## August 9.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood reposes,  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl  
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm—  
Relaxed the frosty twine,—  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm  
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly visioned boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows !

LORD HOUGHTON.

August 10.

TWICE.

I TOOK my heart in my hand  
    (O my love, O my love),  
I said : Let me fall or stand,  
    Let me live or die,  
But this once hear me speak—  
    (O my love, O my love)—  
Yet a woman's words are weak ;  
    You should speak, not I.

You took my heart in your hand  
    With a friendly smile,  
With a critical eye you scanned,  
    Then set it down,  
And said : It is still unripe,  
    Better wait awhile ;  
Wait while the skylarks pipe,  
    Till the corn grows brown.

As you set it down it broke—  
    Broke, but I did not wince ;  
I smiled at the speech you spoke,  
    At your judgment that I heard :  
But I have not often smiled  
    Since then, nor questioned since,  
Nor cared for corn-flowers wild,  
    Nor sung with the singing bird.

I take my heart in my hand,  
    O my God, O my God,  
My broken heart in my hand :  
    Thou hast seen, judge Thou.  
My hope was written on sand,  
    O my God, O my God,  
Now let Thy judgment stand—  
    Yea, judge me now.

This contemned of a man,  
    This marred one heedless day,  
This heart take Thou to scan  
    Both within and without ;  
Refine with fire its gold,  
    Purge Thou its dross away—  
Yea, hold it in Thy hold,  
    Whence none can pluck it out.

I take my heart in my hand—  
    I shall not die, but live—  
Before Thy Face I stand ;  
    I, for Thou callest such :  
All that I have I bring,  
    All that I am I give,  
Smile Thou and I shall sing,  
    But shall not question much.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



## August 11.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end :  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, where with being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet LX.*

## August 12.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,  
Through a life by his loss all shaded ;  
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded !

Oh thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,  
While it shines through our hearts, will improve  
them ;  
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
When we think how he lived but to love them !

And as buried saints have shed perfume  
Through shrines where they've been lying,  
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom  
From the image he left there in dying !

T. MOORE.

August 13.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower,  
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,  
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,  
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart  
Are the folds of thy own young heart ;  
Guilty passion and cankering care  
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! tho' thou gazest now  
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,  
Soon will it tire thy childish eye ;  
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by,

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,  
Throw to the ground the fair white flower ;  
Yet, as thy tender years depart,  
Keep that white and innocent heart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

August 14.

IN such a world, so thorny, and where none  
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found  
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,  
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin,

Against the law of love, to measure lots  
With less distinguished than ourselves ; that thus  
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,  
And sympathise with others suff'ring more.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades  
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind ;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.  
Nothing is proof against the general curse  
Of vanity, that seizes all below.  
The only amaranthine flower on earth  
Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure truth.  
But what is truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question put  
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply :  
And wherefore ? will not God impart His light  
To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis His joy,  
His glory, and His nature, to impart ;  
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,  
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.

COWPER, *The Task*.

### August 15.

#### A STORY FROM ÆLIAN.

A TROOP of boys went bathing to the sea,  
All fair, but one the first in youthful bloom :  
Him marked a Dolphin, tenderest of his kind,  
Far off, and joined his gambols in the wave.  
And a great love grew up between the twain :  
For day by day the boy came to the shore,  
And day by day the faithful fish was there,  
And on his back would bear him merrily  
Amid the dashing waves, a burden dear.

But on an unblest morn, what time their mirth  
Was happiest, and the boy in trustful glee  
Upon his friend had stretched his limbs at length,  
And backward leaned, and shouted to his steed,  
Ah me, the sharp spear of the Dolphin's fin  
Pierced his fair side and spilt his tender life.  
So there was no more play between the twain.  
But that poor fish, perceiving how the foam  
Was crimsoned all with blood about his track,  
And the sweet voice, which was his music, hushed,  
Knew that all joy was slain, and agony  
Seized him, and he desired himself to die.  
So to the beach he bore him mournfully  
Amid the dashing waves, a burden dear ;  
And on the beach he laid him softly down,  
And by his side gave up his grieving soul.  
But the boy's comrades, sorrowing for their mate,  
Took up the corpse and washed it of the blood,  
And laid it in a grave beside the sea,  
Beside the sea, beneath the yellow sand,  
And by his side they laid the Dolphin dead,  
Remembering that great love he bare the boy.

ERNEST MYERS.

August 16.

SUMMER.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
The stilly hour, when storms are gone :  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of morn !  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn

And scattered at the whirlwind's will,  
Hang floating in the pure air still,  
Filling it all with precious balm,  
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—  
And every drop the thunder showers  
Have left upon the grass and flowers  
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem  
Whose liquid flame is born of them.  
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
And each a different perfume bears,—  
As if the loveliest plants and trees  
Had vassal breezes of their own  
To watch and wait on them alone,  
And waft no other breath than theirs !  
When the blue waters rise and fall,  
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;  
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
Is like the full and silent heavens  
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
Too newly to be quite at rest.

T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh*.

August 17.

FEW rightly estimate the worth  
Of joys that spring and fade on earth :  
They are not weeds we should despise,  
They are not fruits of Paradise ;  
But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way  
That cheer, yet not protract his stay.  
He must not these too fondly clasp,  
Lest they should vanish in his grasp,  
And yet may view and wisely love  
As proofs and types of joys above.

*From an old Manuscript Book.*

August 18.

ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,  
Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
O call the poor wanderers home,  
Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that ye find :  
None once was so watchful as I :  
—I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove  
With the torture of doubt and desire ;  
What it is to admire and to love,  
And to leave her we love and admire.  
Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
And the damps of each evening repel,  
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :  
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look,  
I never once dreamt of my vine :  
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
If I knew of a kid that was mine !  
I prized every hour that went by  
Beyond all that had pleased me before ;  
But now they are past, and I sigh,  
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
To visit some far-distant shrine  
If he bear but a relic away,  
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely removed from the fair,  
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,  
Soft hope is the relic I bear,  
And my solace, wherever I go.

SHENSTONE.

August 19.

ON THE DEATH OF A DOG.

WHEN some dear human friend to death doth bow,  
Fair blooming flowers are strewn upon the bier,  
And haply, in the silent house, we hear  
The last wild kiss ring on the marble brow  
And lips that never missed reply till now ;  
And thou, poor dog, wert in thy measure dear—  
And so I owe thee honour, and the tear  
Of friendship, and would all thy worth allow.  
In a false world, thy heart was brave and sound ;  
So, when my spade carved out thy latest lair,  
A spot to rest thee on, I sought and found—  
It was a tuft of primrose, fresh and fair,  
And, as it was thy last hour above ground,  
I laid thy sightless head full gently there.

"I cannot think thine all is buried here,"  
I said, and sigh'd—the wind awoke and blew  
The morning beam along the gossamer,  
That floated o'er thy grave all wet with dew ;  
A hint of better things, however slight,  
Will feed a loving hope ; it soothed my woe  
To watch that little shaft of heavenly light  
Pass o'er thee, moving softly to and fro :

Within our Father's heart the secret lies  
 Of this dim world ; why should *we only* live,  
 And what was I that I should close my eyes  
 On all those rich presumptions, that relieve  
 The meanest life from dust and ashes ? Lo !  
 How much on such dark ground a gleaming thread  
     can do !

C. TENNYSON TURNER.

### August 20.

FOR note, when evening shuts,  
 A certain moment cuts  
 The deed off, calls the glory from the gray ;  
 A whisper from the west  
 Shoots—"Add this to the rest,  
 Take it and try its worth ; here dies another day."

For more is not reserved  
 To man, with soul just nerved  
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
 Here, work enough to watch  
 The Master work, and catch  
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true  
     play.

As it was better, youth  
 Should strive, thro' acts uncouth  
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made !  
 So, better, age exempt  
 From strife, should know, than tempt  
 Further. Thou waitedst age : wait death, nor be  
     afraid !



Fool ! All that is at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall ;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :  
What entered into thee,  
*That* was, is, and shall be :  
Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and  
clay endure.

R. BROWNING, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

August 21.

To hope where hope is vain,  
To fear, from danger free,  
To trust in shadows, then again  
To doubt reality.  
To nurse, each idle hour that flies,  
A thousand fickle fantasies :  
To dream awake ; to pine away,  
Yet bless the pangs that kill ;  
To die a thousand times a day,  
And yet be living still :  
Each struggling thought of self to smother  
In ceaseless musings on another ;  
From hope to hope with restless mind,  
From fear to fear to rove ;  
Such is the frenzy that mankind  
Decks with the name of Love !

MRS. J. ANSTICE, *from Metastasio*.

August 22.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it  
For that your self ye daily such do see—

But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,  
 And vertuous mind, is much more praised of me—  
 For all the rest, however fair it be,  
 Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue,  
 But only that is permanent and free  
 From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue,  
 That is true beautie ; that doth argue you  
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,  
 Derived from that fair spirit, from whom all true  
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed.  
 He only fair, and what He fair hath made,  
 All other fair, like flowers untimely fade—

SPENSER.

## August 23.

## SUDDEN DEATH.

DEATH was full urgent with thee, sister dear,  
     And startling in his speed :—  
 Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near—  
     Such was the path decreed,  
     The hurried road  
 To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's  
     abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently :—  
     Yet merciful the haste  
 That baffles sickness ;—dearest, thou didst die,  
     Thou wast not made to taste  
     Death's bitterness,  
 Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce dis-  
     tress.

Death came unheralded :—but it was well ;  
    For so thy Saviour bore  
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell  
    On His eternal shore ;  
    All warning spared,  
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt  
    change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery ; both complaint and cure  
    To human skill unknown :—  
God put aside all means, to make us sure  
    It was His deed alone ;  
    Lest we should lay  
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught  
    away.

Death urged as scant of time :—lest, sister dear,  
    We many a lingering day  
Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,  
    The ague of delay ;  
    Watching each spark  
Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went :—that so thy image might  
    Our yearning hearts possess,  
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,  
    With youth and loveliness :  
    Sorrow can claim,  
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !  
    Dearest, thou art enshrined  
In all thy fragrance in our memories ;  
    For we must ever find  
    Bare thought of thee  
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

J. H. NEWMAN.

## August 24.

LORD, with what courage and delight  
I do each thing,  
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!  
I shine and move  
Like those above,  
And, with much gladness  
Quitting sadness,  
Make me fair days of every night.

Affliction thus mere pleasure is ;  
And hap what will,  
If Thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.  
But since Thy rays  
In sunny days  
Thou thus dost lend,  
And freely spend,  
Ah ! what shall I return for this ?

O that I were all soul ! that Thou  
Wouldst make each part  
Of this poor sinful frame pure heart !  
Then would I drown  
My single one ;  
And to Thy praise  
A concert raise  
Of Alleluias here below.

H. VAUGHAN, 1550-1640.

## August 25.

"IT is our trust  
That there is yet another world to mend  
All error and mischance."

"Another world !  
And why this world, this common world, to be  
A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair soever,  
To some fine life to come? Man must be fed  
With angel's food, forsooth,—and some few traces  
Of a diviner nature which look out  
Through his corporeal baseness, warrant him  
In a supreme contempt of all provision  
For his inferior tastes—some straggling marks  
Which constitute his essence, just as truly  
As here and there a gem would constitute  
The rock, their barren bed, one diamond.  
But were it so—were man all mind—he gains  
A station little enviable. From God  
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,  
Intelligence exists which casts our mind  
Into immeasurable shade. No, no :  
Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity ;  
These are its sign and note and character.

R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

## August 26.

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL MINSTREL ! Pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain,  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood :  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine :  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and home !

WORDSWORTH

### August 27.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

“THE land that gave me birth  
 Is situate on the coast, where Po descends  
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.  
 Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,  
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :  
 Love that denial takes from none beloved,  
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
 Love brought us to one death : Caïna waits  
 The soul, who spilt our life.” Such were their  
 words ;  
 At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,  
 And held them there so long, that the bard cried  
 “What art thou pondering ?” I in answer thus :  
 “Alas ! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
 Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd ?”

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,  
And thus began : "Francesca ! your sad fate  
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
But tell me ; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
By what, and how love granted, that ye knew  
Your yet uncertain wishes ?" She replied :  
"No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand ! That kens  
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly  
If thou art bent to know the primal root,  
From whence our love gat being, I will do  
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,  
For our delight, we read of Lancelot,  
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no  
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading  
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point  
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd  
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
From me shall separate, at once my lips  
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,  
The other wail'd so sorely, that, heart-struck,  
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far  
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

DANTE, *Inferno*, v., *trans.* H. F. CARY.

### August 28.

#### THE PEACE OF GOD.

PEACE is God's direct assurance  
To the souls that win release  
From this world of hard endurance—  
Peace—He tells us—only Peace.

There is Peace in lifeless matter—  
There is Peace in dreamless sleep—  
Will then Death our being shatter  
In annihilation's deep?

Ask you this? O mortal trembler!  
Hear the Peace that Death affords—  
For your God is no dissembler,  
Cheating you with double words :—

To this life's inquiring traveller,  
Peace of knowledge of all good :  
To the anxious truth-unraveller,  
Peace of wisdom understood :—

To the loyal wife, affection  
Towards her husband, free from fear,—  
To the faithful friend, selection  
Of all memories kind and dear :—

To the lover, full fruition  
Of an unexhausted joy,—  
To the warrior, crowned ambition,  
With no envy's base alloy :—

To the ruler, sense of action,  
Working out his great intent,—  
To the prophet, satisfaction  
In the mission he was sent :—

To the poet, conscious glory  
Flowing from his Father's face :—  
Such is Peace in holy story,  
Such is Peace in heavenly grace.

LORD HOUGHTON.



August 29.

THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE.

NOUGHT blinds you less than admiration, friend !  
Whether it be that all love renders wise  
In its degree, from love which blends with love,  
Heart answering heart,—to love which spends itself  
In silent mad idolatry of some  
Pre-eminent mortal, some great soul of souls,  
Which ne'er will know how well it is adored.  
I say, such love is never blind ; but rather  
Alive to every the minutest spot  
Which mars its object, and which hate (supposed  
So vigilant and searching) dreams not of ;  
Love broods on such : what then ? When first perceived

Is there no sweet strife to forget, to change,  
To overflush those blemishes with all  
The glow of general goodness they disturb ?  
To make those very defects an endless source  
Of new affection grown from hopes and fears ?  
And, when all fails, is there no gallant stand  
Made even for that proved weak ? no shrinking back  
Lest, since all love assimilates the soul  
To what it loves, it should at length become  
Almost a rival of its idol ? Trust me,  
If there be friends who seek to work our hurt,  
To ruin and drag down earth's mightiest spirits  
Even at God's foot, 'twill be from such as love,  
Their zeal will gather most to serve their cause ;  
And least from those who hate, who most essay  
By contumely and scorn to blot the light  
Which forces entrance even to their hearts ;  
For thence will our defender tear the veil  
And show within each heart, as in a shrine,

The giant image of perfection, grown  
In hate's despite, whose calumnies were spurned  
In the untroubled presence of its eyes.  
True admiration blinds not.

R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

August 30.

LIFE.

I.

TELL me in what state of life  
Man may ever happy be?  
In the mart is wrangling strife,  
In his home anxiety.  
Howsoe'er his course be planned,  
Still vexation shall he reap,  
Toils fatigue him on the land,  
Terrors wait him on the deep.  
Wilt thou rove? if wealth be thine,  
Thou mayst be the robber's prey;  
If without it, thou mayst pine,  
Cheerless, on thy lonely way.  
If by wedded love attended,  
Thou shalt have increase of care;  
Art thou single? unbefriended  
Thou must sink beneath despair.  
Woe from children shalt thou gain,  
Yet without them must thou mourn;  
Youth is Folly's idle reign,  
Age is feeble and forlorn.  
This the best that can befall,  
Either not to be at all,  
Or from life received to fly,  
And as soon as born to die.

J. ANSTICE, *from the Greek*.

August 31.

LIFE.

II.

“Audi alteram partem.”

MAN may find life's pathway brightened,  
If he will, where'er he roam ;  
In the mart his mind's enlightened,  
Rest refreshes him at home.  
Howsoe'er his course be planned,  
He shall still enjoyment reap ;  
Nature smiles upon the land,  
Gain is gathered from the deep.  
Wilt thou rove ? If wealth be thine,  
All will thy behest obey :  
Art thou poor ? none need divine  
The secret, if thou still art gay.  
If by wedded love attended,  
Comfort smiles around thy hearth ;  
If without, till life is ended,  
Thine is liberty and mirth.  
Joy from children mayst thou gain ;  
Childless, thou from care art free ;  
Youth is Vigour's healthful reign,  
Age is fraught with piety.  
'Tis *not* the best that can befall,  
Either not to be at all,  
Or from life received to fly,  
For life is all felicity.

J. ANSTICE, *from the Greek.*

## September 1.

## THE STREAM.

O STREAM, descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life, descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end, to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know,  
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,  
And be above us still.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## September 2.

O EARTH,  
I count the praises thou art worth,  
By thy waves that move aloud,  
By thy hills against the cloud,  
By thy valleys warm and green,  
By the copse's elms between,  
By their birds which, like a sprite,  
Scattered by a strong delight  
Into fragments musical,  
Stir and sing in every bush ;  
By thy silver founts that fall,  
As if to entice the stars at night  
To thine heart ; by grass and rush,  
And little weeds the children pull,  
Mistook for flowers !

O beautiful  
Art thou, Earth, albeit worse  
Than in Heaven is callèd good ;  
Good to us, that we may know  
Meekly from thy good to go ;  
While the holy, crying Blood  
Puts its music kind and low  
'Twixt such ears as are not dull,  
And thine ancient curse !  
Praisèd be the mosses soft  
In thy forest pathways oft,  
And the thorns, which make us think  
Of the thornless river-brink

Where the ransomed tread :  
Praisèd be thy sunny gleams,  
And the storm, that worketh dreams  
Of calm unfinished :  
Praisèd be thine active days,  
And thy night-time's solemn need,

When in God's dear book we read  
*No night shall be therein :*  
Praisèd be thy dwellings warm  
By household faggot's cheerful blaze,  
Where, to hear of pardoned sin,  
Pauseth oft the merry din,  
Save the babe's upon the arm  
Who croweth to the crackling wood :  
Yea, and better understood,  
Praisèd be thy dwellings cold,  
Hid beneath the churchyard mould,  
Where the bodies of the saints,  
Separate from earthly taints,  
Lie asleep, in blessing bound,  
Waiting for the trumpet's sound  
To free them into blessing ; none  
Weeping more beneath the sun,  
Though dangerous words of human love  
Be graven very near, above.

Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,  
Even for the change that comes  
With a grief from thee to us,  
For thy cradles and thy tombs,  
For the pleasant corn and wine  
And summer-heat, and also for  
The frost upon the sycamore  
And hail upon the vine !

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

### September 3.

YE were mine, flesh and soul, mine, O my children,  
A portion of myself is torn away,  
The breath of life seems stifled in our parting,  
And death like darkness clouds my lonely day.

A chill sick shudder thrills my yearning bosom,  
Where never more your gentle arms shall twine.  
The memory of your voices doubles anguish ;  
Your voices that no longer answer mine !  
Yet cease, my soul ! O hush this vain lamenting,  
Earth's anguish will not alter Heaven's decree ;  
In that calm world whose peopling is of angels,  
Those I called mine still live and wait for me.  
They cannot redescend where I lament them ;  
My earthbound grief no sorrowing angel shares :  
And in their peaceful and immortal dwelling  
Nothing of me can enter—but my prayers !  
If this be so—then, that I may be near them,  
Let me still pray un murmuring, night and day.  
God lifts us gently to His world of glory,  
Even by the love we feel for things of clay.  
Lest in our wayward hearts we should forget Him,  
And forfeit so the mansion of our rest,  
He leads our dear ones forth, and bids us seek them  
In a far distant home, among the blest.  
So we have guides to Heaven's eternal city,  
And when our wandering feet would backward stray,  
The faces of our Dead arise in brightness,  
And fondly beckon to the holier way.

### September 4.

#### THE STARS.

FOR a thousand years the stars  
Stay quiet in the skies,  
And ever at each other gaze  
With wistful loving eyes.

The words they speak together  
Are beautiful and grand,  
Yet not the wisest scholar  
Their speech may understand.

But I have read and learnt it,  
And know it evermore :—  
The face of my beloved  
Revealed to me their lore.

*Trans. from HEINE.*

### September 5.

I KNOW not which to choose ; whether to live  
A little longer here, or to depart.  
That would be sweet, to be at rest, to toil  
No more ; no more feel pain, to have no griefs,  
No anxious fears, nor for myself nor others,—  
That would be sweet ; and sweeter still to have  
No more to sin, affection or desire.  
But to be near, and feel that nearness near  
Unto my Lord ; to have a thrilling sense  
Of blessedness, the eternity of joy  
At hand yet greater, safe, for ever safe.

So to be resting would be sweet. And yet  
To live for Christ, to live to do His pleasure :  
To fight the fight, clad in His panoply,  
Knowing that He looks on the while, and smiles  
By love unfathomable ever moved.  
To go and tell to others of His grace,  
The bliss unutterable of the life  
That is in Him !

Surely a life so spent is blessedness,  
And all too little to repay His Love,  
The Love of His most costly sacrifice.



Which shall I choose?—living, to live to Christ,  
Or dying, die to Him,—which shall I choose?  
Whichever of the twain shall to Thy glory be,  
*That* Lord, I pray Thou wilt appoint for me!

H. SWINNEY.

### September 6.

WITHIN the Cretan cavern's shade  
The infant heir of heaven was laid ;  
    No god the secret knew :  
There waxed in strength each boyish limb ;  
From ocean's streams, the doves for Him  
    With sweet ambrosia flew.  
The mighty eagle nectar quaffed  
From some tall cliff, and bore the draught,  
    His vigour to renew.  
When Saturn fell, on that proud bird  
Jove immortality conferred,  
    And to the skies translated :  
The doves, tho' still confined below,  
    His heralds He created ;  
And bade them by their wanderings show  
    Whence seasons should be dated.  
    J. ANSTICE, *from the Greek of Myro.*

### September 7.

WELCOME joy, and welcome sorrow,  
Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather ;  
Come to-day, and come to-morrow,  
I do love you both together !  
I love to mark sad faces in fair weather,  
And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder ;

Fair and foul I love together,  
Meadows sweet where flames are under,  
And a giggle at a wonder ;  
Visage sage at pantomime ;  
Funeral, and steeple chime ;  
Infant playing with a skull ;  
Morning fair and shipwrecked hull ;  
Nightshade with the woodbine kissing ;  
Serpents in red roses hissing ;  
Cleopatra regal dressed  
With the aspic at her breast ;  
Dancing music, music sad,  
Both together, sane and mad ;  
Muses bright, and muses pale ;  
Sombre Saturn, Momus hale ;  
Laugh and sigh, and laugh again ;  
Oh ! the sweetness of the pain !  
Muses bright and muses pale,  
Bare your faces of the veil ;  
Let me see, and let me write  
Of the day and of the night—  
Both together ;—let me slake  
All my thirst for sweet heart-ache !  
Let my bower be of yew,  
Interwreath'd with myrtles new,  
Pines and lime-trees full in bloom,  
And my couch a low grass-tomb.

KEATS.

### September 8.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride ;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen ;  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd ;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd ;  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CIV.*

### September 9.

THE world's a sea ; my flesh a ship that's mann'd  
With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's hand :  
My heart's the seaman's card, whereby she sails :  
My loose affections are the greater sails ;  
The topsail is my fancy, and the gusts  
That fill these wanton sails, are worldly lusts.  
Pray'r is the cable at whose end appears  
The anchor Hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears :  
My will's the inconstant pilot, that commands  
The staggering keel ; my sins are like the sands :  
Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye,  
The pump unused (but in extremes) and dry :  
My conscience is the plummet that does press  
The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless :  
Smooth calm's security ; the gulph, despair ;  
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare :  
My soul's the passenger, confusedly driv'n  
From fear to fright ; her landing port is Heav'n.  
My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;  
My sailors rude, my steersman faint and weak :  
My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side :  
My cable's cracked, my anchor's slightly tied,

My pilot's crazed, my shipwreck sands are cloaked,  
My bucket's broken, and my pump is choked :  
My calm's deceitful, and my gulph too near,  
My wares are slubbered, and my fare too dear :  
My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;  
O shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned ?  
Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;  
Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :  
Touch Thou my compass, and renew my sails,  
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;  
Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster,  
Direct my pilot, and be Thou his master :  
Object the sands to my most serious view,  
Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew :  
New cast my plummet, make it apt to try  
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie ;  
Guard Thou the gulph with love, my calms with care ;  
Cleanse Thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;  
Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short  
His voyage ; land him in his wish'd-for port :  
Thou, Thou whom winds and stormy seas obey,  
That thro' the deep gav'st grumbling Israel way,  
Say to my soul, Be safe ; and then mine eye  
Shall scorn grim death, altho' grim death stand by.  
O Thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish  
The sinking Peter, at the point to perish,  
Reach forth Thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,  
I'll come ! I'll come ! The voice that calls will save !

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1635.

## September 10.

NIGHT.

*"O nott' o dolce tempo."*

O NIGHT, O sweet though sombre span of time !  
All things find rest upon their journey's end—  
Whoso hath praised thee, well doth apprehend ;  
And whoso honours thee, hath wisdom's prime.  
Our cares thou canst to quietude sublime ;  
For dews and darkness are of peace the friend :  
Often by thee in dreams upborne I wend  
From earth to Heaven, where yet I hope to climb.  
Thou shade of Death, thro' whom the soul at length  
Shuns pain and sadness hostile to the heart,  
Whom mourners find their last and sure relief !  
Thou dost restore our suffering flesh to strength,  
Driest our tears, assuagest every smart,  
Purging the spirits of the pure from grief.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

## September 11.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death ? to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe ;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go :

For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest !

R. BROWNING.

### September 12.

#### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock :  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day :  
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd around  
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing,  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around :

---

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to  
the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok !"

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high ;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land ;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."  
"Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell !"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—  
"O Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He curst himself in his despair ;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,  
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY.



September 13.

YOUTH AND TRUTH.

Now in life's breezy morning,  
 Here on life's sunny shore,  
 To all the powers of falsehood  
 We vow eternal war :

Eternal hate to falsehood ;  
 And then, as needs must be,  
 O Truth, O Lady peerless,  
 Eternal love to thee.

All fair things that seem true things,  
 Our hearts shall aye receive,  
 Not over-quick to seize them,  
 Not over-loth to leave :

Not over-loth or hasty  
 To leave them or to seize,  
 Not eager still to wander,  
 Nor clinging still to ease.

But one vow links us ever,  
 That whatsoe'er shall be,  
 Nor life nor death shall sever  
 Our souls, O Truth, from thee.

ERNEST MYERS.

September 14.

O DULL, dull heart !  
 Sunk in the passiveness of dead repose  
 Uprouse thee from thy fancied weight of woes,  
 And bear a nobler part.

Joys thou hast known,  
Joys that now seem to thee but memories,  
Spurned in regret, as idle fantasies,  
    Make them once more thine own.

Whence livest thou?  
Is not thy life the child of these old joys?  
Then nothing them if not thy life destroys;  
    Surely thou hast them now.

Is it despair?  
Oh then, the hope begotten of a love  
Thro' darkest suffering sanctified, may prove  
    A very gift of prayer.

Or art thou faint?  
Oh then rejoice, that weariness is thine,  
Thou hast a blessing from those pangs divine,  
    That purified thy saint.

Think on her still!  
If e'er a conscience darken'd by defeat  
Welcomes false fancies, owns temptation sweet,  
    And nurses dreams of ill,—

Then cast thy thought  
On that fond eager longing after good,  
That keen soul-struggle, where the fierce "I would,"  
    Cherished the pure "I ought,"

Then grasp the hand  
Of Love, well proved by sharp experience,  
Love, arméd with the power of Innocence,  
Love, that may bear thee thro' the storms of sense,  
    And take thee to Heaven's strand.

C. A. S.

## September 15.

## SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;  
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground :  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

T. HOOD.

## September 16.

## THE RIVER WYE.

. . . THESE beauteous forms  
Thro' a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

Be but a vain belief : yet oh ! how oft  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye !

WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH.

September 17.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE.

SHE pluck'd a wild wood-rose, and fondly strove,  
With pausing step and ever anxious care,  
To carry home her dainty treasure-trove.  
A butterfly perch'd on those petals fair.  
Soon the gay creature flutter'd off again ;  
And then her girlish fingers dropped the flower.  
Ah ! little maid, when Love asserts his power,  
This lesson duly learnt may save thee pain ;

Why from the forest rose thine hand unclasp,  
Because the fickle insect would not stay?  
Not all the tendance of thy sweet blue eye,  
And tiptoe heed, secured the butterfly ;  
The flower, that needed but thy gentle grasp  
To hold it, thou hast lightly thrown away !

C. TENNYSON TURNER.

### September 18.

THE clouds are flitting,  
The oakwoods roar,  
And the maiden is sitting  
On Ocean's shore ;  
And the waves of the billowy sea  
Are dashing mightily, mightily :  
On the murky night floats out her sigh,  
And tears are in her troubled eye.

“ My heart's life has perished,  
The world is a void,  
With nought to be cherished,  
Or wished, or enjoyed.  
Then, Holy Mother ! hear and call  
Thy child to her home above ;  
The cup of bliss, I have drained it all—  
I have lived, and have lived to love.”

“ The tears thou art weeping  
Stream, maiden, in vain.  
Tears woo not the sleeping  
To earth back again.  
But say, what can heal the broken-hearted,  
When the soft delight of love is parted ?  
Say, and if such a balm there be,  
I will send that balm from above for thee.”

“ Let the tears I am weeping  
Stream on, tho’ in vain ;  
True, they woo not the sleeping  
To earth back again.  
But the sweetest balm for the broken-hearted  
In their dreary waste of years,  
When the soft delights of love are parted,  
Is love’s lament and tears.”

J. ANSTICE, *trans. from Schiller.*

### September 19.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,  
Thy presence owns, ineffable divine ;  
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,  
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
Speechless remain, or speechless e’en depart ;  
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind  
Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well assured ’tis but profanely bold  
In thought’s abstractest forms to seem to see,  
It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,  
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;  
And if in work its life it seem to live,  
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,  
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,  
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
In recognition start.

But, as Thou wilt, give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,  
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
Approach Thee morn and night.

A. H. CLOUGH.

### September 20.

TO MARGUERITE.

YES ! in the sea of life en-isled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the enclaspings flow,  
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,—  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing ;—  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and channels pour ;—

O ! then a longing like despair  
Is to their furthest caverns sent,  
For surely once, they feel, we were  
Part of a single continent !  
Now round us spreads the watery plain—  
O might our marges meet again !

Who order'd, that their longings fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?  
Who renders vain their deep desire?—  
A God, a God their severance ruled!  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### September 21.

#### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat,  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,  
“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,



Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber door,  
    "Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !"

Through days of sorrow and days of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats these words of awe,—  
    "Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime !  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    "Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    "Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
"Ah ! when shall they all meet again?"

As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
     “Forever—never !  
     Never—forever !”

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear,—  
 Forever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,—  
     “Forever—never !  
     Never—forever !”

LONGFELLOW.

### September 22.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,  
 Their only point of rest, Eternal Word !  
 From Thee departing they are lost, and rove  
 At random without honour, hope, or peace.  
 From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
 But O Thou bounteous giver of all good,  
 Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown !  
 Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor ;  
 And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

COWPER, *The Task*.

### September 23.

PEACE be around thee ! wherever thou rovest,  
 May life be for thee one summer's day,  
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
 Come smiling around thy sunny way !

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
That like spring showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath !  
As half in shade and half in sun,  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

T. MOORE.

### September 24.

. . . . .  
ANGELS thy old friends there shall greet thee,  
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.  
All thy good works which went before,  
And waited for thee at the door,  
Shall own thee there : and all in one  
Weave a constellation  
Of crowns, with which the King, thy spouse,  
Shall build up thy triumphant brows

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,  
And thy pains set bright upon thee :  
All thy sorrows here shall shine,  
And thy sufferings be divine.

Tears shall take comfort and turn gems,  
And wrongs repent to diadems.  
Ev'n thy deaths shall live, and new  
Dress the soul, which late they slew.  
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,  
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.  
Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ  
Love's noble history, with wit  
Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
They feed our souls, shall clothe them there.  
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame  
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same  
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
Both fire to us, and flame to thee :  
Whose light shall live bright, in thy face  
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see  
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be  
Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows :  
The virgin births with which thy spouse  
Made fruitful thy fair soul ; go now,  
And with them all about thee, bow  
To Him, "Put on," He'll say, "put on,  
My rosy love, that thy rich zone,  
Sparkling with the sacred flames  
Of thousand souls whose happy names  
Heaven keeps upon thy score ; thy bright  
Life brought them first to kiss the light  
That kindled them to stars." And so  
Thou with the Lamb thy Lord shalt go,  
And wheresoe'er He sets His white  
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,  
Which who in death would live to see,  
Must learn in life to die like thee.

RICHARD CRASHAW to S. TERESA.

## September 25.

## PENITENTIAL SHADOW.

A SPOTLESS child sleeps on the flowering moss—  
'Tis well for him ; but when a sinful man,  
Envyng such slumber, may desire to put  
His guilt away, shall he return at once  
To rest by lying there? Our sires knew well  
(Spite of the grave discoveries of their sons)  
The fitting course for such ; dark cells, dim lamps,  
A stone floor one may writhe on like a worm :  
No mossy pillow blue with violets !

R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

## September 26.

## REST.

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes :  
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth ;  
Lie close around her ; leave no room for mirth,  
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.  
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,  
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth  
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth ;  
With stillness that is almost Paradise.  
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,  
Silence more musical than any song ;  
Even her very heart has ceased to stir :  
Until the morning of Eternity  
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be ;  
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## September 27.

## CHARMS AND KNOTS.

WHO reade a chapter when they rise,  
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :  
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,  
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone  
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,  
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## September 28.

## THAT DAY.

I STAND by the river where both of us stood,  
And there is but one shadow to darken the flood ;  
And the path leading to it, where both used to pass,  
Has the step but of one, to take dew from the grass,  
One forlorn since that day.

The flowers of the margin are many to see ;  
None stoops at my bidding to pluck them for me.  
The bird in the alder sings, loudly and long—  
My low sound of weeping disturbs not his song,  
As thy vow did, that day.

I stand by the river, I think of the vow ;  
Oh, calm as the place is, vow breaker, be thou !  
I leave the flower growing, the bird unproved ;  
Would I trouble *thee* rather than *them*, my beloved,—  
And my lover that day?

Go, be sure of my love, by that treason forgiven,  
Of my prayers, by the blessings they win thee from  
Heaven ;  
Of my grief (guess the length of the sword by the  
sheath's),  
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's !  
Go—be clear of that day.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### September 29.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

ON to the sacred hill  
They led him, high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,  
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :—  
“Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintained  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence ; for this was all thy care—  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse. . . .





## September 30.

## THE SWALLOWS OF CITEAUX.

UNDER eaves, against the towers,  
All the spring, their muddy bowers  
    Swallows build about Citeaux.  
Round the chapter-house and hall,  
From the dawn to evenfall,  
    They are fluttering to and fro

On their never-flagging wing ;  
With the psalms the brethren sing  
    Blends their loud incessant cry ;  
In and out the plastered nest  
Never taking thought of rest,  
    Chattering these swallows fly.

They distract the monk who reads,  
Him as well who tells his beads,  
    Him who writes his chronicle ;  
In the cloister old and gray  
They are jubilant and gay,  
    In the very church as well.

On the dormitory beds,  
In refectory o'er the heads—  
    At the windows rich with paint,  
Ever dashing—in and out  
With the maddest, noisiest rout  
    As would surely vex a saint.

To the Abbot then complain  
Pious monks :—" Shall these remain  
    To disturb us at our prayers ?  
Bid us nests and eggs destroy,  
Then the birds will not annoy  
    Any more our deafened ears."

Quoth the Abbot smiling—"Say,  
Have not we too homes of clay,  
    Quite as fragile, not more fair?  
Brothers, and shall we resolve  
Their tabernacles to dissolve,  
    Asking God our own to spare?"

Not another word of blame,  
But they turned away in shame.  
    So the little birds had peace,  
And the parapets among  
Built and laid, and hatched their young,  
    Making wonderful increase.

When declined the autumn sun,  
When the yellow harvest done,  
    Sat the swallows in a row  
On the ridging of the roof,  
Patiently, as in behoof  
    Of a license e'er they'd go.

Forth from out the western door  
Came the Abbot ; him before  
    Went a brother with his crook,  
And a boy a bell who rung,  
And a silver censer swung,  
    Whilst another bore the book.

Then the Abbot raised his hand,  
Looking to the swallow band,  
    Saying, "Ite missa est !  
Christian birds, depart in peace,  
As your cares of summer cease,  
    Swallows, enter on your rest.

"Now the winter snow must fall,  
Wrapping earth as with a pall,  
    And the stormy winds arise.

---

Go to distant lands where glow  
Deathless suns, where falls not snow  
From the ever azure skies.

“Go ! dear heralds of the road,  
To the sweet unknown abode  
In the verdant Blessed Isles,  
Whither we shall speed some day,  
Leaving crumbling homes of clay  
For the land where summer smiles.

“Go in peace ! your hours have run ;  
Go, the day of work is done ;  
Go in peace, my sons !” he said.  
Then the swallows spread the wing,  
Making all the welkin ring  
With their cry, and southward sped.  
S. BARING GOULD.

## October 1.

## ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall ;  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each ;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,  
Joys are sent thee here below ;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band ;  
One will fade as others reach thee,  
Shadows passing thro' the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain ;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond ;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token  
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

### October 2.

#### A ROUNDELAY.

O SORROW !  
Why dost borrow  
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?  
To give maiden blushes  
To the white rose bushes ?  
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

O Sorrow !  
Why dost borrow  
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?  
To give the glow-worm light ?  
Or, on a moonless night,  
To tinge, on Syren shores, the salt sea spray ?

O Sorrow !  
Why dost borrow  
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?  
To give at evening pale  
Unto the nightingale,  
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

O Sorrow !  
Why dost borrow  
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?  
A lover would not tread  
A cowslip on the head,  
Tho' he should dance from eve till peep of day—  
Nor any drooping flower  
Held sacred for thy bower,  
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow  
I bade good morrow,  
And thought to leave her far away behind ;  
But cheerily, cheerily,  
She loves me dearly ;  
She is so constant to me, and so kind ;  
I would deceive her,  
And so leave her,  
But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
I sat awceping : in the whole world wide  
There was no one to ask me why I wept—  
And so I kept  
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears  
Cold as my fears.

Come then, Sorrow,  
Sweetest Sorrow !  
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :  
I thought to leave thee,  
And deceive thee,  
But now of all the world I love thee best !

KEATS, *Endymion*.

## October 3.

I WEPT for love ; I trembled on the height  
Of ecstasy unprobed and colourless  
Of passion. Then there swept a golden net,  
Star-knotted, lightning-woven, down from God,  
And swathed each moment of my life's delight,  
Each holiest memory of heavenlier bliss  
And passion-thrilling vision and intense,—  
Caught all God's kisses in a sheet of fire,—  
Of Sunset's living crimson,—from my life,  
And bore them into darkness. See how Death  
The Stormcloud learns the Sunlight ! See how Love  
Warms the stern, ice-bound precipice ! See Life  
Eternal intercepting Feet of Time —  
Death dying in the love he bears to Life.  
O yearning heart, look inward and above ;  
Thy losses were God's treasures, and thy pain  
His robe of glory. Thus He decks Himself  
For thine embrace—thy beatific gaze.  
And where thou look'st for abject worm and clay,  
And life's last failure in the sightless dust,  
There in th' illusive grave's dark mystery  
Is all thy uttermost, deep, deathless joy  
Earth might not touch, but only kiss her hand  
In unavailing, tearful rapture. Love,  
I feel thee in the Highest—Crystal sea,  
And throne of endless glory, and the wing  
Of Seraph, and pure Arch-angelic brow,  
All blazoned with thy splendour.

Oh ! my Home,  
My Life, my God : beneath the shades, I come.

## October 4.

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other ;  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 A heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me ;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet XLVII.*

## October 5.

## A CHILD'S SONG.

"I see the moon and the moon sees me.  
 God bless the moon and God bless me."

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
 Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
 "All that love me."



Are you not tired with rolling and never  
Resting to sleep?  
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever  
Wishing to weep?

“Ask me not this, little child ! if you love me,  
You are too bold ;  
I must obey my dear Father above me,  
And do as I’m told.”

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
Over the sea.  
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
“All that love me.”

LORD HOUGHTON.

### October 6.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend !  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more :  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CXLVI.*

## October 7.

## ALONE.

WHEN the dimpled water slippeth,  
Full of laughter on its way,  
And her wing the wagtail dippeth,  
Running by the brink at play ;  
When the poplar leaves a-tremble,  
Turn their edges to the light,  
And the far-up clouds resemble  
Veils of gauze most clear and white ;  
And the sunbeams fall and flatter  
Woodland moss and branches brown,  
And the glossy finches chatter  
Up and down, up and down :  
Though the heart be not attending,  
Having music of her own,  
On the grass through meadows wending,  
It is sweet to walk alone.

When the falling waters utter  
Something mournful on their way,  
And departing swallows flutter,  
Taking leave of bank and brae ;  
When the chaffinch idly sitteth  
With her mate upon the sheaves,  
And the wistful robin flitteth  
Over beds of yellow leaves ;  
When the clouds, like ghosts that ponder  
Evil fate, float by and frown,  
And the listless wind doth wander  
Up and down, up and down :  
Though the heart be not attending,  
Having sorrows of her own,  
Through the fields and fallows wending,  
It is sad to walk alone.

JEAN INGELow.

## October 8.

## SUNRISE.

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,  
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,  
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—  
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade ;  
“Thanks be to Heaven,” in happy mood I said.  
“What sweeter aid my matins could befall  
Than this fair glory from the east hath made ?  
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,  
To bid us feel and see ! we are not free  
To say we see not, for the glory comes  
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea ;  
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,  
And at prime hours, behold ! he follows me  
With golden shadows to my secret rooms.”

C. TENNYSON TURNER.

## October 9.

## AMONG THE ROCKS.

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth  
This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth ;  
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sealark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;  
Such is life's trial, as old Earth smiles and knows.  
If you loved only what were worth your love,  
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you ;  
Make the low nature better by your throes !  
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

R. BROWNING.

## October 10.

## THE SLEEP.

OF all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if there any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
“He giveth His belovèd sleep?”

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake:  
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,  
Who have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that thro' the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

O earth so full of dreary noises!  
O men with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

His dew's drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
    Though on its slope men sow and reap :  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
    He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan,  
A living, feeling, thinking man  
    Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;  
But angels say, and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
    “ He giveth His belovèd sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
    That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His Love repose,  
    Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
    And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “ Not a tear must o'er her fall !  
    He giveth his belovèd sleep !”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### October 11.

#### TROUBLE NOT THE MASTER.

“ DEAD is thy daughter, trouble not the Master”—  
Thus in the Ruler's ear his servants spake,  
While tremblingly he urged the Saviour faster  
Up the green slope from that white margined lake.

The soft wave weltered, and the breeze came sighing  
Out of the oleander thickets red ;  
He only heard a breath that gasped in dying,  
Or, "Trouble not the Master—she is dead."

Trouble Him not. Ah, are these words besecming  
The desolation of that awful day,  
When love's vain fancies, hope's delusive dreaming  
Are over—and the life has fled for aye ?

We need Him most when the dear eyes are closing,  
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,  
When the soft lines are set in that reposing,  
That never mother cradled with a song.

Then most we need the gentle human feeling,  
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,  
And that great Love divine its light revealing  
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

Then most we need the Voice that while it weepeth,  
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith—  
Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth ;  
Only believe, for I have conquered death.

Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,  
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,  
But ever in the fulness of perfection  
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,  
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet,  
We cannot see the lamb in Abraham's bosom,  
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent,—neither moan nor cheering,  
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—  
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,  
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold sleeper  
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,  
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,  
And take her by the hand and bid her rise !

Come to us, Saviour ! in our lone dejection,  
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate grief,  
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Resurrection,  
Bring us the comfort of a true belief.

Come ! with that human voice that breaks in weeping,  
Come ! with that awful tenderness divine,  
Come ! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,  
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

C. E. ALEXANDER.

### October 12.

#### TO SORROW.

SISTER SORROW ! sit beside me,  
Or, if I must wander, guide me ;  
Let me take thy hand in mine,  
Cold alike are thine and mine.

Think not, Sorrow, that I hate thee,—  
Think not I am frightened at thee,—  
Thou art come for some good end,  
I will treat thee as a friend.

I will say that thou art bound  
My unshielded soul to wound  
By some force without thy will  
And art tender-minded still.

I will say thou givest scope  
To the breath and light of hope ;

That thy gentle tears have weight  
Hardest hearts to penetrate :

That thy shadow brings together  
Friends long lost in sunny weather,  
With an hundred offices  
Beautiful and blest as these.

Softly takest thou the crown  
From my haughty temples down ;  
Place it on thine own pale brow,  
Pleasure wears one,—why not thou ?

Let the blossoms glisten there  
On thy long unbanded hair,  
And when I have borne my pain,  
Thou wilt give me them again.

If thou goest, Sister Sorrow !  
I shall look for thee to-morrow,—  
I shall often see thee drest  
As a masquerading guest :

And howe'er thou hid'st the name,  
I shall know thee still the same  
As thou sitt'st beside me now,  
With my garland on thy brow.

LORD HOUGHTON.

October 13.

CELESTIAL AND EARTHLY LOVE.

LOVE is not always harsh and deadly sin :  
If it be love of loveliness divine,  
It leaves the heart all soft and infantine  
For rays of God's own grace to enter in.



Love fits the soul with wings, and bids her win  
Her flight aloft nor e'er to earth decline ;  
'Tis the first step that leads her to the shrine  
Of Him who slakes the thirst that burns  
within.

The love of that whereof I speak, ascends :  
Woman is different far ; the love of her  
But ill befits a heart all manly wise.

The one love soars, the other downward tends ;  
The soul lights this, while that the senses stir ;  
And still his arrow at base quarry flies.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

### October 14.

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
While the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly :  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonour  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses,  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity,  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home had she none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed ;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence,  
Even God's Providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March  
Made her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurl'd,—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it, think of it,  
Dissolute man !  
(Lave in it, drink of it  
Then if you can !)

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly.  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them ;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing,  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

T. HOOD.

October 15.

SAPPHO.

SHE lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;  
Above her glared the moon, beneath, the sea,  
Upon the white horizon Athos' peak  
Weltered in burning haze ; all airs were dead ;

The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair ;  
The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below  
The lazy sea-weed glistened in the sun ;  
The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings ;  
The lazy swell crept whispering up the ledge,  
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest ;  
And Mother Earth watched by him as he slept,  
And hushed her myriad children for a while.  
She lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;  
And sighed for sleep, for sleep that would not hear,  
But left her tossing still ; for night and day  
A mighty hunger yearned within her breast,  
Till all her veins ran fever ; and her cheek,  
Her long thin hands, and ivory channelled feet,  
Were wasted with the wasting of her soul,  
Then peevishly she flung her on her face,  
And hid her eyeballs from the blinding glare,  
And fingered at the grass, and tried to cool  
Her crisp hot lips against the crisp hot sward :  
And then she raised her head, and upward cast  
Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid light  
Gleamed out between deep folds of blue-black hair,  
As gleam twin lakes between the purple peaks  
Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon.  
Beside her lay her lyre. She snatched the shell,  
And waked wild music from its silver strings ;  
Then tossed it sadly by.—“ Ah, hush ! ” she cries ;  
“ Dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine ;  
Why mock my discords with thine harmonies ?  
Altho' a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,  
Only to echo back in every tone  
The moods of nobler natures than thine own.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

October 16.

THE CHASE.

DISAPPOINTED of her game,  
Panting up the hill she came,  
But her story was begun  
Ere the summit quite she won.  
“Mother ! mother ! I have been  
Such a chase across the green,  
By a cruel bird outwitted,  
Still from bush to bush it flitted,  
Rising oft, but soon alighting,  
Still avoiding, still inviting :  
Now I thought it all my own,  
In a moment it was gone :  
Onward still my steps it drew,  
Then it spread its wing and flew ;—  
What a world of pains it cost !  
Now the pretty treasure’s lost !”  
While the maid her tale repeated,  
Angry to be thus defeated,  
First the prudent mother smiled,  
Then bespoke her pouting child :  
“Let thy chase, my darling, give  
Lesson to thee how to live,  
From thine own pursuit and sorrow,  
From that bird a warning borrow :  
Rash and headlong, child, like thee,  
Man pursues felicity.  
Still illusive prospects cheer him,  
Still he thinks the treasure near him,  
When he on the prize would spring,  
Bliss is ever on the wing,

Thus his weary life he spends  
In a chase that never ends,  
Hopes conceived and baffled ever,  
Bootless guest and vain endeavour."

DE ROSSI, *trans. by* J. ANSTICE.

October 17.

LIFE is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;  
Day, how rapid in its flight—  
Day, how few must see the night ;  
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As thy day grows warm and high,  
Life's meridian flaming nigh,  
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?  
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?  
Check thy climbing step, elate,  
Evils lurk in felon wait.

As the shades of ev'ning close,  
Beck'ning thee to long repose,  
As life itself becomes disease,  
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.  
Say, man's true, genuine estimate  
Is not, Art thou high or low ?  
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?

Say, To be just, and kind, and wise,  
There solid self-enjoyment lies.  
Thus resign'd and quiet, creep  
To the bed of lasting sleep,  
Till future life, future no more,  
To light and joy the good restore,  
To light and joy unknown before.

ROBERT BURNS.

October 18.

ONE loving howre  
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;  
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.  
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre  
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more  
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre  
To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.

SPENSER.

October 19.

SUCH a starved bank of moss  
Till, that May morn,  
Blue ran the flash across :  
Violets were born !

Sky—what a scowl of cloud  
Till, near and far,  
Ray on ray split the shroud :  
Splendid, a star !



World—how it walled about  
Life with disgrace  
Till God's own smile came out ;  
That was thy face !

R. BROWNING.

October 20.

THE EBB OF TIDE.

THE little maid lay moaning,  
Late at the set of sun ;  
They told him, "She is dying  
Now that the day is done !"   
But listening by the window  
He heard the full-toned roar,  
Of great waves, plunging, plunging,  
All down the silent shore.  
And to the watchers weeping,  
"She cannot go," he cried,  
"The soul-call never cometh  
At flowing of the tide."

The little maid ceased moaning,  
And darker grew the night ;  
They cried, "She is not dying ;  
She'll see the morning light !"   
But he heard there by the window  
The plunging waves no more,  
But the waters washing, washing,  
Like a lake upon the shore.  
And he heeded not the watchers,  
As hopefully they cried ;  
But said, with lips all trembling,  
"It is the flood of tide."

The little maid lay sleeping,  
Or ere the night was done,  
They said, "She will awaken  
To new life with the sun!"  
But he listened the deep murmur  
The sighing night-wind bore,  
Of the waters sobbing, sobbing,  
As they forsook the shore.  
"Now pray the Lord Almighty,  
Upon your knees," he cried,  
"O pray Him by His mercy,  
For 'tis the ebb of tide!"

Ah me! the world is evil,  
And sick with care and sin,  
And sure the Lord had mercy,  
Who left her not therein;  
For with one cry, "O Father!"  
She woke ere it was day,  
And sighed and smiled; and sighing  
And smiling, passed away.  
And sure, in life more blessèd  
Her sweet soul doth abide,  
Where on the sea of jasper  
Is never ebb of tide.

S. J. STONE.

### October 21.

#### THE COUNTRY BOY AT SILFORD HALL.

ALL round the house did Peter go, and found  
Food for his wonder all the house around.  
There guns of various bore, and rods and lines,  
And all that man for deed of death designs,

In beast, or bird, or fish, or worm, or fly—  
Life in these last must means of death supply ;  
The living bait is gorged, and both the victims die.  
“God gives man leave His creatures to destroy.”—  
“What ! for his sport ?” replied the pitying boy.—  
“Nay,” said the lady ; “why the sport condemn ?  
As die they must, ’tis much the same to them.”  
Peter had doubts ; but with so kind a friend  
He would not on a dubious point contend.

Much had he seen, and everything he saw  
Excited pleasure not unmix’d with awe.  
Leaving each room, he turn’d as if once more  
To enjoy the pleasure that he felt before—  
“What then must their possessors feel ? how grand  
And happy they who can such joys command !  
For they may pleasure all their lives pursue,  
The winter pleasures, and the summer’s too—  
Pleasures for every hour in every day—  
Oh ! how their time must pass in joy away !”  
So Peter said.—Replied the courteous dame :  
“What you call pleasure scarcely owns the name.  
The very changes of amusement prove  
There’s nothing that deserves a lasting love.  
They hunt, they course, they shoot, they fish, they  
game ;  
The objects vary, tho’ they end the same—  
A search for that which flies them ; no, my boy !  
’Tis not enjoyment, ’tis pursuit of joy.”

Peter was thoughtful, thinking, “What ! not these,  
Who can command, or purchase, what they please—  
Whom many serve, who only speak the word,  
And they have all that earth or seas afford—  
All that can charm the mind and please the eye—  
And *they* not happy !—but I’ll ask her why.”

So Peter ask'd.—“'Tis not,” she said, “for us  
Their Honours' inward feelings to discuss ;  
But if they're happy, they would still confess  
'Tis not these things that make their happiness.  
Look from this window ! at his work behold  
Yon gardener's helper—he is poor and old,  
He not one thing of all you see can call  
His own ; but haply he o'erlooks them all.  
Hear him ! he whistles through his work, or stops  
But to admire his labour or his crops :  
To-day as every former day he fares,  
And for the morrow has no doubts or cares ;  
Pious and cheerful, proud when he can please,  
Judge if Joe Tompkins wants such things as these.  
Come, let us forward !” and she walked in haste  
To a large room, itself a work of taste,  
But chiefly valued for the works that drew  
The eyes of Peter—this indeed was new,  
Was most imposing—Books of every kind  
Were there disposed, the food for every mind.  
With joy perplex'd, round cast he wondering eyes,  
Still in his joy, and dumb in his surprise.

Above, beneath, around, on every side,  
Of every form and size were books descried ;  
Like Bishop Hatto, when the rats drew near,  
And war's new dangers waked his guilty fear,  
When thousands came, beside, behind, before,  
And up and down came on ten thousand more  
A tail'd and whisker'd army, each with claws  
As sharp as needles, and with teeth like saws,—  
So, fill'd with awe, and wonder in his looks,  
Stood Peter, midst this multitude of books ;  
Both guiltless he and fearless ; yet he sigh'd  
To think what treasures were to him denied.

CRABBE, *The Happy Day.*

## October 22.

NOW was the hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day :  
When I, no longer taking heed to hear,  
Began with wonder, from those spirits to mark  
One risen from its seat, which with its hand  
Audience implored. Both palms it join'd and  
    raised,  
Fixing its stedfast gaze toward the east,  
As telling God, "I care for nought beside,"  
"Te Lucis Ante," so devoutly then  
Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,  
That all my sense in ravishment was lost.  
And the rest after, softly and devout,  
Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze  
Directed to the bright supernal wheels.

DANTE'S *Purgatorio*, Canto viii.,  
trans. H. F. CARY.

## October 23.

JOY of my life while left me here,  
    And still my love !  
How in thine absence thou dost steere  
    Me from above.  
    A life well led  
This truth commends—  
    With quick or dead  
It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night  
Is dark and long ;  
The road foul, and where one goes right  
Six may go wrong.  
One twinkling ray  
Shot o'er some cloud  
May cleave much way  
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays  
Here long, must passe  
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways  
As smooth as glasse :  
But these all night  
Like candles, shed  
Theire beams, and light  
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go :  
They are that Citie's shining spires  
We travel to.  
A sword-like gleame  
Kept man for sin  
First out ; this beame  
Will guide him in.

H. VAUGHAN.

October 24.

MAN.

WHAT would this man? Now upward will he soar,  
And little less than angel, would be more :  
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears  
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?  
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,  
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;  
Each seeming want compensated of course,  
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;  
All in exact proportion to their state ;  
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,  
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone ?  
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?  
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)  
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;  
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,  
But what his nature and his state can bear.  
Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?  
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.  
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,  
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?  
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
To smart and agonise at ev'ry pore ?  
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?  
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,  
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still  
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill ?  
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives and what denies ?

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name ;  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear ;

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;  
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;  
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;  
All partial Evil, universal Good :  
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE, *Essay on Man*.

October 25.

THERE'S a fancy some lean to and others hate—  
That, when this life is ended begins  
New work for the soul in another state,  
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins :  
Where the strong and the weak, this world's con-  
geries,  
Repeat in large what they practised in small,  
Through life after life in unlimited series ;  
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen  
By the means of Evil that Good is best,  
And, through earth and its noise, what is heaven's  
serene—  
When our faith in the same has stood the test—  
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,  
The uses of labour are surely done ;  
There remaineth a rest for the people of God :  
And I have had troubles enough, for one.

R. BROWNING.



October 26.

MARGARET.

THE Poets, in their elegies and songs  
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they speak,  
In these their invocations, with a voice  
Obedient to the strong creative power  
Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
That steal upon the meditative mind,  
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,  
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond  
Of brotherhood is broken : time has been  
When, every day, the touch of human hand  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
In mortal stillness ; and they ministered  
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
To the soft handling of the elements !  
There let the relic lie—fond thought—vain words !  
Forgive them ;—never—never did my steps  
Approach this door but she who dwelt within  
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her  
As my own child. O Sir ! the good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*.

## October 27.

BE strong to hope, O heart !  
Though day is bright,  
The stars can only shine  
In the dark night.  
Be strong, O heart !  
Look to the Light.

Be strong to bear, O heart !  
Nothing is vain ;  
Strive not, though life is care,  
And God sends pain.  
Heaven is above, and there  
Rest will remain.

Be strong to love, O heart !  
Love knows not wrong ;  
Didst thou love creatures even,  
Life were not long.  
Didst thou love God in heaven  
Thou wouldst be strong.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

## October 28.

## THE LAST HOUR.

BE merciful, be gracious, spare him, Lord !  
Be merciful, be gracious, Lord, deliver him,  
From the sins that are past ;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire ;  
From the perils of dying ;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self at the last ;  
From the nethermost fire ;  
From all that is evil ;  
From the power of the devil ;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and for ever.  
By Thy birth and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss ;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall ;  
By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

(*Gerontius.*)

“ Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro Te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.

Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is one ;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified ;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength belong,  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro Te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own ;  
And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here,  
Adoration aye be given,  
With and through the angelic host,  
To the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro Te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine."

J. H. NEWMAN, *Gerontius*.

October 29.

THE BANKS IN AUTUMN.

O NOW I see what beauties lay  
O'er summer's close,  
And autumn's calm breathing with decay,  
With her last dying rose,  
Sweeter than spring.

A calm awaiting seems to lie  
O'er leaf and wave ;  
A calm undressing, all so silently,  
For calmness of the grave,  
Unrepining.

'Tis thus when, all its wanderings past,  
On the still tide  
The bark doth hang its idle sail at last,  
And like a shadow glide  
Into its rest.

The noiseless brook its banks along  
Winds like a lake,  
Save stilly heard a rippling under-song,  
Whose passing eddies make  
Silence more still.

Upon the dread and dim serene,  
Each thought that breaks,  
And every breath that stirs the quiet scene,  
A mighty Being speaks,  
Whom we await.

Such is the awful calm they learn  
Beneath Thy cross  
Who fain would sit, looking for thy return,  
And count the world but loss  
Thy love to gain.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

October 30.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines  
And that, before they were invested thus,  
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,  
Pitch round about, in order glorious,  
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,  
All their eternal day in songs employing,  
Joying their end, without end of their joying,  
While their Almighty Prince destruction is de-  
stroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding in their brow,  
No bloodless malady impales their face,  
No age drops on their hair his silver snow,  
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,  
No poverty themselves or theirs disgrace ;  
No fear of death the joy of life devours,  
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,  
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged  
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,  
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain :  
The infant wonders how he came so old,  
The old man how he came so young again :  
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe ;  
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,  
All full, and yet no time on food do they bestow.

In midst of their City Celestial,  
Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,  
Lightened the Idea Beatifical :  
End and beginning of each thing that grows,

Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows :  
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,  
Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear,  
That nowhere is contained, and yet is everywhere !

GILES FLETCHER.

October 31.

SUNRISE.

DAY !

Faster and more fast,  
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;  
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim  
Where spurting and suppressed it lay ;  
For not a froth-flake touched the rim  
Of yonder gap in the solid gray  
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;  
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,  
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,  
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast  
Flickered in bounds, grew old, then overflowed  
the world.

R. BROWNING, *Pippa passes*.

*November 1.*

## THE GATHERING OF THE CHURCH.

WHEREFORE shrink and say, "'Tis vain ;  
In their hour hell-powers must reign ;  
Vainly, vainly would we force  
Fatal Error's torrent course ;  
Earth is mighty, we are frail,  
Faith is gone, and Hope must fail."

Yet along the Church's sky  
Stars are scattered, pure and high ;  
Yet her wasted gardens bear  
Autumn violets, sweet and rare—  
Relics of a spring-time clear,  
Earnests of a bright new year.

Israel yet hath thousands sealed,  
Who to Baal never kneeled ;  
Seize the banner, spread its fold !  
Seize it with no faltering hold !  
Spread its foldings high and fair,  
Let all see the Cross is there !

What, if to the trumpet's sound  
Voices few come answering round ?  
Scarce a votary swell the burst,  
When the anthem peals at first ?  
God hath sown and He will reap ;  
Growth is slow when roots are deep :



He will aid the work begun,  
For the Love of His Dear Son ;  
He will breathe in their true breath,  
Who, serene in prayer and faith,  
Would our dying embers fan  
Bright as when their glow began.

J. KEBLE.

*November 2.*

ALL SOULS.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,  
Think they of their brethren more ?  
They before the Throne who bow,  
Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the dead in Christ have still  
Part in all our joy and ill ;  
Keeping all our steps in view,  
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We by enemies distrest,—  
They in Paradise at rest ;  
We the captives, they the freed,—  
We and they are one indeed :

One, in all we seek or shun ;  
One, because our Lord is One ;  
One in heart and one in love ;  
We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,  
Many mountains, many tides,  
Have they with each other part ?  
Have they fellowship at heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,  
Wide apart their lots be thrown ;  
Differing tongues their lips may speak,  
One be strong, and one be weak :

Yet in Sacrament and prayer  
Each with other hath a share ;  
Hath a share in tear and sigh,  
Watch, and fast, and Litany.

With each other join they here  
In affliction, doubt, and fear ;  
That hereafter they may be  
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee !

So with them our hearts we raise,  
Share their work and join their praise ;  
Rendering worship, thanks and love,  
To the Trinity above. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

### November 3.

#### A FISHER'S SERMON.

. . . WHAT ! and shall He wait,  
And must He wait, not only till we say,  
“ Good Lord, the house is clean, the hearth is swept,  
The children sleep, the mackerel boats are in,  
And all the nets are mended ; therefore I  
Will slowly to the door and open it,”—  
But must He also wait where still, behold !  
He stands and knocks, while we do say, “ Good Lord,  
The gentlefolk are come to worship here,  
And I will up and open to Thee soon ;  
But first I pray a little longer wait,  
For I am taken up with them ; my eyes  
Must needs regard the fashion of their clothes,  
And count the gains I think to make by them ;

For sooth they are of much account, good Lord,  
Therefore have patience with me—wait, dear Lord!  
Or come again?”

What ! must He wait for this—  
For this ! Ay, He doth wait for this, and still  
Waiting for this, He patient, railleth not ;  
Waiting for this, e'en this, He saith, “ Behold !  
I stand at the door and knock.”

O patient hand !  
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the night  
When work is done—I charge you by the sea  
Whereby you fill your children's mouths, and by  
The might of Him who made it—fishermen !  
Blessed for ever, that ye answer Him !  
Open the door with shame if ye have sinned ;  
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.  
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,  
And comfortless for lack of plenishing,  
Be not abashed for that, but open it,  
And take Him in that comes to sup with thee :  
“ Behold !” He saith, “ I stand at the door and knock.”

Now hear me ; there be troubles in this world  
That no man can escape, and there is one  
That lieth hard and heavy on my soul,  
Concerning that which is to come.—

I say  
As a man that knows what earthly trouble means,  
I will not bear this One—I cannot bear  
This One—I cannot bear the weight of you—  
You—every one of you, body and soul ;  
You, with the care you suffer and the loss  
That you sustain ; you, with the growing up  
To peril, may be with the growing old  
To want, unless before I stand with you  
At the great white throne, I may be free of all,  
And utter to the full what shall discharge

Mine obligation : nay, I will not wait  
 A day, for every time the black clouds rise,  
 And the gale freshens, still I search my soul  
 To find if there be aught that can persuade  
 To good, or aught forsooth that can beguile  
 From evil, that I (miserable man !  
 If that be so !) have left unsaid, undone.  
 So that when any risen from sunken wrecks,  
 Or rolled in by the billows to the edge  
 Of the Everlasting strand, what time the sea  
 Gives up her dead, shall meet me, they may say  
 Never, "Old man, you told us not of this ;  
 You left us fisherlads, that had to toil  
 Ever in danger of the secret stab  
 Of rocks, far deadlier than the dagger : winds,  
 Of breath more murderousthan the cannon's ; waves,  
 Mighty to rock us to our death ; and gulfs,  
 Ready beneath to suck and swallow us in :  
 This crime be on your head, and as for us—  
 What shall we do ? but rather,"—nay, not so,  
 I will not think it ; I will leave the dead,  
 Appealing but to life : I am afraid  
 Of you, but not so much if you have sinned  
 As for the doubt if sin shall be forgiven.

See ! I will show at whose unopened doors  
 He stands and knocks, that you may never say,  
 "I am too mean, too ignorant, too lost,  
 He knocks at other doors, but not at mine."

JEAN INGELow.

#### November 4.

THE Spirit of this age spoke on a certain day :  
 "Rise up, my child, and cast thy early faith away."

I rose to go : my freedom seemed complete,  
In vain ! Once more, O Lord, behold me at Thy feet.

Thou art the very life which beats within my heart :  
I have no power to choose : from Thee I cannot part.

O Light of all the world, that gladdened weary eyes!  
Didst Thou to darkness sink, never again to rise ?

O Voice, more sweet than men had known on earth  
before !  
Has thy strange music died to silence evermore ?

O Death, thro' which we dreamed of gain in utter  
loss !  
Was it indeed defeat, that passion of the Cross ?

Then—Brother, Master, King !—I take my part  
with Thee,  
And where Thou art, O Lord, there let Thy servant  
be.

The awful unknown Power that in the darkness lies,  
Thou saidst could be revealed, thro' Thee, to mortal  
eyes :

And what tho' earth and sea His glory do proclaim,  
Tho' on the stars is writ that great and dreadful  
name—

Yea—hear me, Son of Man—with tears my eyes  
are dim,  
I cannot read the word which draws me close to Him.

I say it after Thee, with faltering voice and weak,  
“Father of Jesus Christ,”—this is the God I seek.

And can it be that *Thou* mistook'st that name divine?  
Then let me share Thy dream, my error be like  
Thine.

On Thee I lean my soul, bewildered, tempest-tost,  
If Thou can'st fail, for me then everything is lost.

For triumph, for defeat, I lean my soul on Thee ;  
Yes ! where Thou art, O Lord, there let Thy servant be.

*Notes and Queries, Dec. 31, 1881.*

### November 5.

#### A BLIGHT.

WHAT time my heart unfolded its fresh leaves  
In springtime gay, and scattered flowers around,  
A whisper warn'd of earth's unhealthy ground,  
And all that there love's light and pureness grieves ;  
Sun's ray and canker-worm,  
And sudden-whelming storm ;—  
But ah ! my self-will smiled, nor reck'd the gracious  
sound.

So now defilement dims life's morning-springs ;  
I cannot hear an early cherished strain,  
But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—  
Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings ;  
Tears lull my grief to rest,  
Not without hope, this breast  
May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom  
again.

J. H. NEWMAN.

### November 6.

#### THE DEAD FRIEND.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear !  
The spirit is not there

Which kindled that dead eye,  
Which throb'd in that cold heart,  
Which in that motionless hand  
Hath met thy friendly grasp.  
The spirit is not there !

It is but lifeless perishable flesh  
That moulders in the grave,  
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles  
Now to the elements  
Resolved, their uses done.  
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved,  
The spirit is not there !

Often together have we talked of death :  
How sweet it were to see  
All doubtful things made clear ;  
How sweet it were with powers  
Such as the Cherubim,  
To view the depth of Heaven !  
O Edmund ! thou hast first  
Begun the travel of Eternity !  
I look upon the stars,  
And think that thou art there,  
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were  
With unseen ministry of angel power  
To watch the friends we loved.  
Edmund, we did not err !  
Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given  
A birth to holy thought,  
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.  
Edmund, we did not err !  
Our best affections here  
They are not like the toys of infancy ;

The soul outgrows them not ;  
We do not cast them off ;  
Oh if it could be so,  
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved !  
But in the lonely hour,  
But in the evening walk,  
Think that he companies thy solitude ;  
Think that he holds with thee  
Mysterious intercourse :  
And though remembrance wake a tear,  
There will be joy in grief.

SOUTHEY.

*November 7.*

REST.

REST is happy—rest is right,  
Rest is precious in God's sight,  
But if he who lies below,  
Out of an abundant heart  
Drawing remedies for woe,  
Never wearied to impart  
Blessings to his fellow-men ;  
If he never rested then,  
But each harvest scattered seed  
For the future word and deed,—  
And the darkness of his kind  
Filled him with such endless ruth,  
That the very light of truth  
Pained him walking 'mid the blind,—



How, when some transcendent change  
Gives his boundless being range,—  
When he knows not time or space,  
In the nearness of God's face,—  
In the world of spirits how  
Shall that soul be resting now?  
While one creature is unblest,  
How can such as he have rest?

“Rest in Peace,” the legend runs,  
Rest is sweet to Adam's sons,  
But can he whose busy brain  
Worked within this hollow skull,  
Now his zeal for truth restrain,  
Now his subtle fancy dull,  
When he wanders spirit-free  
In his young immortality!  
While on earth he only bore  
Life, as it was linked with lore,  
And the infinite increase  
Of knowledge, was his only peace;  
Till that knowledge he possessed  
How can such a mind have rest?

. . . . .  
Here we struggle with the light,  
And when comes the fated night,  
Into Nature's lap we fall,  
Like tired children one and all.  
Day and Labour, Night and Rest,  
Come together in our mind,  
And we image forth the blest  
To eternal calm resigned:  
Yet it may be that the abyss  
Of the lost is only this,  
That for them all things to come  
Are inanimate and dumb

And immortal life they steep  
In dishonourable sleep :  
While no power of pause is given  
To the inheritors of Heaven ;  
And the holiest still are those  
Who are farthest from repose,  
And yet onward, onward, press  
To a loftier godliness ;  
Still becoming, more than being,  
Apprehending, more than seeing,  
Feeling, as from orb to orb  
In their awful course they run,  
How their souls new light absorb  
From the self-existing One,—  
*Demiurgos*, throned above,  
Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

LORD HOUGHTON.

November 8.

KING of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !  
Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
Where Thy House its rest accords.  
Chased and wounded birds are we,  
Through the dark air fled to Thee :  
To the shadow of Thy wings,  
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

Behold, O Lord ! the heathen tread  
The branches of thy fruitful vine,  
That its luxurious tendrils spread  
O'er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste  
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,  
That drinking, of Thy choicest dew,  
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of Thine Hand,  
Thou still wilt save Thy chosen land !  
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,  
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown ;  
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,  
Scatter'd in the Red sea-coast ;  
By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,  
In their last and worst distress,—  
On the sand and sea-weed lying,  
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing ;  
While before the deep sea flow'd  
And behind fierce Egypt rode—  
To their fathers' God they prayed,  
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

. . . . .

Then the light of morning lay  
On the wonder pavèd way,  
Where the treasures of the deep  
In their caves of coral sleep,  
The profound abysses, where  
Was never sound from upper air,  
Rang with Israel's chanted words,  
King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !

Then did Israel's maidens sing,  
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,  
To Him, the King of Kings ! that in the sea,  
The Lord of Lords, had triumph'd gloriously !

H. H. MILMAN, *The Fall of Jerusalem.*

## November 9.

## REQUIEM ÆTERNAM.

To die and be at rest  
Beneath the churchyard sod,  
The corpse in sere-clothes drest,  
The spirit with its God.

To die and be at rest  
Beyond the world's annoy,  
No cares to vex the breast,  
No tears to trouble joy.

To die and be at rest  
Where slander's tongue is still,  
Where praise nor mars our best,  
Nor consecrates our ill.

To die and be at rest  
Where earthly tumults cease,  
Where storms may ne'er infest  
The haven of our peace.

To die and be at rest  
With them to part no more,  
Rocked gently on the breast  
Of loved ones gone before.

To die and be at rest  
Beyond the power of sin,  
Love an abiding guest  
The ransomed soul within.

To die and be at rest—  
For this our natures crave,  
The last home of the blest,  
The world beyond the grave.

To die and be at rest—  
'Tis childhood's earliest dream,  
In terror unexpressed  
Shrinking from life's dark stream.

To die and be at rest—  
'Tis manhood's bitter cry,  
With thankless toil opprest  
Of wasted energy.

To die and be at rest—  
Old age with feeble moan  
Echoes the long request,  
To lay its burden down.

To die and be at rest—  
It is a Christian's prayer,  
For death is God's behest,  
Christ and His saints are there.

H. N. OXENHAM.

### November 10.

#### THE COMPLAINT OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

BEFORE I see another day,  
O let my body die away !  
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;  
The stars, they were among my dreams ;  
In rustling conflict thro' the skies,  
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
And yet they are upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive ;  
Before I see another day,  
O let my body die away !

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
Yet it is dead, and I remain :  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
And they are dead, and I will die.  
When I was well, I wished to live,  
For clothes, for warmth, for food and fire ;  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire,  
Then here contented will I lie !  
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
Another day, a single one !  
Too soon I yielded to despair :  
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;  
And oh ! how grievously I rue,  
That afterwards, a little longer,  
My friends, I did not follow you !  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

My child ! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother,  
When from my arms my babe they took,  
On me how strangely did he look !  
Through his whole body something ran,  
A most strange working did I see,  
—As if he strove to be a man,  
That he might pull the sledge for me :  
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !  
O mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
In two days more I must have died.  
Then do not weep and grieve for me :  
I feel I must have died with thee.

O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
The way my friends their course did bend  
I should not feel the pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a message send ;  
Too soon, my friends, ye went away,  
For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;  
Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
In spite of all my weary pain,  
I'll look upon your tents again,  
—My fire is dead, and snowy white  
The water which beside it stood ;  
The wolf has come to me to-night,  
And he has stolen away my food.  
For ever left alone am I ;  
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

Young as I am, my course is run,  
I shall not see another sun ;  
I cannot lift my limbs to know  
If they have any life or no.  
My poor forsaken child, if I  
For once could have thee close to me,  
With happy heart I then would die,  
And my last thought would happy be ;  
But thou, dear babe, art far away,  
Nor shall I see another day.

WORDSWORTH.

### November 11.

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;  
Have put on black, and living mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.

And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face !  
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CXXXII.*

### November 12.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(A picture of Guercino's at Fano.)

I WOULD not look up thither past thy head  
 Because the door opes, like that child, I know.  
 For I should have thy gracious face instead,  
 Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend me low  
 Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,  
 And lift them up to pray, and gently tether  
 Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread ?

If this was ever granted, I would rest  
 My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands  
 Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,  
 Pressing the brain, which too much thought  
 expands,  
 Back to its proper size again, and smoothing  
 Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,  
 And all lay quiet, happy, and suppressed.



How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies  
And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes,  
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:  
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.  
What further may be sought for or declared?

R. BROWNING.

*November 13.*

THE BLESSED DEAD.

O IT is sweet to think  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted;  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them;  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them:  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well-known features—  
God with His glory signs  
His dearly-ransomed creatures.

Ah ! they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only ;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead  
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us ;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us.  
Love that was earthly wings  
Its flight to holier places ;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.

They, whom we loved on earth,  
Attract us now to Heaven ;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to Heaven  
With grudging sighs we gave you,  
To Him—be doubts forgiven !  
Who took you there to save you :—  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our homes above  
And trust to God, more blindly.

F. W. FABER.

## November 14.

LIFE and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide :  
Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night :  
In the windows is no light,  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
Or thro' the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away ; no more of mirth  
Is here, or merry-making sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
And shall fall again to ground.

## II.

COME away, for Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell ;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city,—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.  
Would they could have stayed with us !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## November 15.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE is not sweet. One day it will be sweet  
 To shut our eyes and die :  
 Nor feel the wild flowers blow, nor birds dart by  
 With flitting butterfly,  
 Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,  
 Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,  
 Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,  
 Nor mark the waxing wheat,  
 Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good  
 To die, then live again ;  
 To sleep meanwhile : so not to feel the wane  
 Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,  
 Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,  
 Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood  
 Rich ranks of golden grain  
 Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain :  
 Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## November 16.

## LOVE'S JUSTIFICATION.

*" Ben può talor col casto."*

IT must be right sometimes to entertain  
 Chaste love with hope not over-credulous ;  
 Since if all human loves were impious,  
 Unto what end did God the world ordain ?

If I love thee and bend beneath thy reign,  
'Tis for the sake of beauty glorious  
Which in thine eyes divine is stored for us,  
And drives all evil thought from its domain.  
That is not love whose tyranny we own  
In loveliness that every moment dies :  
Which like the face it worships, fades away :  
True love is that which the pure heart hath known,  
Which alters not with time or death's decay,  
Yielding on earth earnest of Paradise.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

*November 17.*

THETIS AND IPHIGENIA.

MERRILY rose the bridal strain,  
With the pipe of reed, and the wild harp ringing,  
With the Libyan flute, and the dancer's train,  
And the bright-haired muses singing.

On the turf elastic treading,  
Up Pelion's steep with an airy bound  
Their golden sandals they struck on the ground,  
While the mighty gods were feasting round,  
As they sped to Peleus' wedding,  
They left Pieria's fountain,  
On the leaf-crowned hill they stood,  
They breathed their softest, sweetest lays  
In the bride and bridegroom's praise.  
Re-echoed the Centaur's mountain,  
Re-echoed Pelion's wood.

The golden goblets crowned the page,  
The Thunderer's darling boy,  
In childhood's rosy age  
Snatched from the plains of Troy,  
Where on the silvery sand  
The noontide sun was glancing,  
The fifty Nereids, hand in hand,  
Were in giddy circles dancing.

The Centaur's tramp rang up the hill,  
To feast with the gods they trooped in haste,  
And at the board by Bacchus graced,  
The purpling bowl to fill.  
Grassy wreath and larch's bough  
Twined around each shaggy brow.

Daughter of Nereus, loud to thee  
Chanted the maids of Thessaly.  
Their song was of a child unborn,  
Whose light should beam like summer morn,  
Whose praise by the Delian seer was sung,  
And hymned by Chiron's tuneful tongue.

“Thetis, mark thy warrior son,  
Girt with many a myrmidon,  
Armed with spear and flaming brand,  
Wasting Priam's ancient land.  
He shall ne'er to foeman quail ;  
He shall case his limbs in mail,  
Casque, and greaves, and breastplate's fold,  
All by Vulcan wrought of gold,  
Moulded in the forge of heaven,  
By his goddess-mother given.  
His shall be a hero's name,  
Godlike might, and deathless fame.”

Thus the gods propitious smiled  
On Peleus and the ocean child ;  
Lady ! not such nuptial wreath  
Shall Argives bid thee wear,  
But, with the flowers of death,  
Entwine thy clustering hair !

*Euripides, trans. by J. ANSTICE.*

### November 18.

#### SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

SLEEP on, baby, on the floor,  
Tired of all the playing :  
Sleep with smile the sweeter for  
That, you dropped away in.  
On your curls full roundness stand  
Golden lights serenely ;  
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,  
Folds the dimple inly !  
Little head and little foot  
Heavy laid for pleasure.  
Underneath the lids half shut  
Slants the shining azure.  
Open soul in noonday sun,  
So you lie and slumber :  
Nothing evil having done,  
Nothing can encumber.

I who cannot sleep as well,  
Shall I sigh to view you ?  
Or sigh further to foretell  
All that may undo you ?  
Nay, keep smiling, little child,  
Ere the sorrow neareth :  
I will smile too ! patience mild  
Pleasure's token weareth :

Nay, keep sleeping before loss.  
I shall sleep though losing !  
As by cradle, so by cross,  
Sure is the reposing.

And God knows who sees us twain,  
Child at childish leisure,  
I am near as tired of pain  
As you seem of pleasure.  
Very soon too, by His grace  
Gently wrapt around me,  
Shall I show as calm a face,  
Shall I sleep as soundly.  
Differing in this, that you  
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,  
While my hand shall drop the few  
Given to my keeping :  
Differing in this, that I  
Sleeping shall be colder,  
And in waking presently,  
Brighter to beholder ;  
Differing in this beside,  
(Sleeper, have you heard me ?  
Do you move and open wide,  
Eyes of wonder toward me ?)  
That while you I thus recall  
From your sleep, I solely,  
Me from mine an angel shall,  
With reveillée holy.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

*November 19.*

SWEET is the Rose, but grows upon a brere :  
Sweet is the junipere, but sharp his bough ;  
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere ;  
Sweet is the firbloom, but his braunche is rough ;



Sweet is the cypress, but his rynd is tough ;  
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;  
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet soure enough ;  
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.  
So ev'ry sweet with soure is tempred still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more :  
For easie things, that may be got at will,  
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
Why then should I accompt of little paine ?  
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine ?

SPENSER, *Sonnet XXVI.*

November 20.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the licht o' the moon,  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.  
His wife rose up in the morning  
Wi' cares and troubles enow ;  
"John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,  
And I'll gae haud the plow.

"First ye maun dress your children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear,  
And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.  
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday ;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll a' lay away."

O he did dress his children fair,  
And he put them a' in their gear ;  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
And so he spoil'd the beer.  
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday,  
But he forgot to ca' in the hens,  
And the hens a' laid away.

The hawkit crummie loot down nae milk,  
He kirned, nor butter gat ;  
And a' gaed wrang, and nought gaed right ;  
He danced wi' rage and grat.  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,  
Wi' mony a wave and shout,  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife came home at e'en,  
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,  
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,  
And John sae glum and sad.  
Quoth he, " I gi'e up my housewife skep,  
I'll be nae mair gudewife ! "  
" Indeed," quo' she, " I'm weel content,  
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."

" The deil be in that," quo' surly John,  
" I'll do as I've done before."  
Wi' that the gudewife took up a stout rung,  
And John made off to the door.  
" Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,  
I ken I'm sair to blame,  
But henceforth I maun mind the plow,  
And ye maun bide at hame."

*Old Scotch Ballad.*

November 21.

## THE WIDOW.

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,  
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,  
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,  
Weary and waysore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;  
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom:  
She had no home, the world was all before her,  
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her,  
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely wanderer;  
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger  
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends—tho' now by all forsaken!  
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven!  
I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"  
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,  
On drove the chariot.

Then in the snow she laid her down to rest her;  
She heard a horseman, "Pity me!" she groan'd out:  
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,  
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,  
Down sunk the wanderer, sleep had seized her senses;  
There did the traveller find her in the morning.  
God had released her.

SOUTHEY.

November 22.

ALONE.

ALONE, in the noisy restless street ;  
Thousands hurrying to and fro  
Lonelier make me as I go  
Creeping onwards with none to greet.

First far backward a sunnier day  
Home known faces in quiet dells,  
Till up-and-down music of chiming bells  
Brings me back as they comforting say,  
Jesus and Mary were out at night,  
When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

No sweet voice or joyous smile,  
No kind glance or bosom warm,  
Morn and even, calm or storm,  
Cold below, and none beguile.

Alone, alone, keen though it be,  
The olive grove was keener still,  
The nails and lance, the darkened hill,  
And all alone for love of me.  
Jesus and Mary were out at night,  
When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

Alone on the desolate crowded street,  
Dipping down with a curve of lights,  
Shining silver, glistening sights  
Right and left, but none to greet.

Yon church windows, lit up for prayers,  
 Magdalene Saint though sinner there ;  
 Lead me, Lord, her lot to share,  
 And let me tread the golden stairs.  
 For Jesus and Mary were out at night,  
 When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

F. S. LEE.

### November 23.

... SOME strain in rhyme : the Muses, on their racks,  
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks :  
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,  
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;  
 Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls !  
 Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer,  
 Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ;  
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,  
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;  
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders  
 wrought ?

Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown ?  
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains  
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains ?  
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,  
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.  
 Roman and Greek grammarians ! know your better :  
 Author of something yet more great than letter ;  
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,  
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.

'Tis true on words is still our whole debate,  
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,  
To sound or sink in *cano* O or A,  
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

POPE, *The Dunciad*.

### November 24.

#### OLD SHOES.

I said, "These painful shoes, I cannot see  
Why any longer they should cumber me ;"  
So left I them behind, and for awhile  
The change seemed pleasant, and did me beguile  
To dance, to sing of liberty, and smile.

But presently mine eyes grew dark, my head  
Got dull and heavy, and my heart was lead.  
And if I moved at all, it was to go  
Back to the thickets, and the places low  
Which thorns and cross-leaved nettles overgrow.

At last I re-assumed my shoes with pain,  
And grew quite well again—  
But ever, if I leave those helps behind  
My heart beats colder, and my head, I find  
Grows dull and heavy, and mine eyes are blind.

Sometimes I seem to think what can a shoe  
With head or heart, or eyesight have to do ?  
But then I answer, "What is that to me?"

And truly Father, it is good there be  
Thousands of reasons known to none but Thee.

H. S. SUTTON.

*November 25.*

USQUE QUO, DOMINE.

How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?  
What? ever?  
How long wilt Thou Thy hidden face from me  
Dissever?

How long shall I consult with careful spright,  
In anguish?  
How long shall I with foes triumphant might  
Thus languish?

Behold me, Lord; let to Thy hearing creep  
My crying:  
Nay, give me eyes and light, lest that I sleep  
In dying:

Lest my foe brag, that in my ruine he  
Prevailed;  
And at my fall they joy, that troublous, me  
Assailed.

No! no! I trust on Thee, and joy in Thy  
Great pity:  
Still, therefore, of Thy graces shall be my  
Song's ditty.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## November 26.

GREEN leaves dying into gold,  
Gold leaves basking in the light,  
And the sad year groweth old.

Like an Angel Company  
Gazing from the silent height,  
Gleaming in a sightless sky,

Sleep the leaves their golden sleep,  
Till the rough storm shock of death  
Bid the beechen glory weep,

And the red-veined whispering throng  
Tremble neath the spirit's breath  
Neath His voice so soft and strong :

Hark, He calleth : Who shall go?  
Leaving golden life on high,  
Sinking to the deep below?

Hark, He calleth : Is it I?  
Thousand echoes, "Is it I?"  
Quiver in the hollow sky.

## November 27.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the  
year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sear ;  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits'  
tread.



The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all  
the gloomy day :

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood,  
In brighter light, and softer airs, and beauteous  
sisterhood?  
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race  
of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and  
good of ours ;  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold  
November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
summer glow ;  
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the  
wood,  
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as  
falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from  
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still  
such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho' all  
the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose  
fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the woods and by the  
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
my side :  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the  
forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life  
so brief :  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that dear  
child of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### November 28.

#### THE LADY'S YES.

"YES," I answered you last night ;  
"No," this morning, sir, I say :  
Colours seen by candle light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
Lamps above and laughs below,  
*Love me*, sounded like a jest,  
Fit for *yes*, or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
Vow, whatever light may shine,—  
No man on your face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both :  
Time to dance is not to woo ;  
Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life or death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies ;  
Guard her, by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore ;  
And her *yes*, once said to you,  
Shall be yes for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### November 29.

ONE adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists—one only ;—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, how'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power ;  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good,  
—The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat  
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme,  
For time and for Eternity ; by faith,  
Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
And the defence that lies in boundless love  
Of His perfections ; with habitual dread  
Of aught unworthily conceived ; endured  
Impatiently ; ill-done or left undone,  
To the dishonour of His Holy Name.—  
Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world !  
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart,  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !

WORDSWORTH,  
*The Excursion*, Book iv.

November 30.

COMING.

“ IT may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
And watch the sinking sun,  
While the long bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
With thoughts of me,

While you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
May come the sound of My feet :  
Therefore I tell you, Watch !  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar ;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,  
For it may be thro' the gloaming  
I will come.

“ It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
Along the sand ;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house ;  
When the fires burn low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed :  
Tho' you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.

“ It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun  
Which draweth nigh :  
When the mists are on the valleys, shading  
The river's chill,  
And my morning star is fading, fading  
Over the hill :

Behold, I say unto you, Watch !  
Let the door be on the latch  
    In your home :  
In the chill before the dawning,  
Between the night and morning,  
    I may come.

“ It may be in the morning,  
    When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
    Over the little lawn :  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
    Along the shore,  
And the little birds are singing sweetly  
    About the door.  
With the long day's work before you,  
    You rise up with the sun,  
And the neighbours come in to talk a little,  
    Of all that must be done ;  
But remember that I may be the next  
    To come in at the door,  
To call you from all your busy work  
    For evermore :  
As you work, your heart must watch,  
For the door is on the latch  
    In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
    I will come.”

So He passed down my cottage garden,  
    By the path that leads to the sea,  
Till He came to the turn of the little road,  
    Where the birch and laburnum tree  
Lean over and arch the way :  
There I saw Him a moment stay,  
    And turn once more to me,

As I wept at the cottage door,  
And lift up His hands in blessing.—  
Then I saw His face no more.  
And I stood still in the doorway  
Leaning against the wall,  
Not heeding the fair white roses,  
Tho' I crushed them, and let them fall.  
Only looking down the pathway,  
And looking towards the sea,  
And wondering, and wondering  
When He would come back for me  
Till I was aware of an angel  
Who was going swiftly by,  
With the gladness of one who goeth  
In the light of God most High.  
He passed the end of the cottage  
Towards the garden gate,—  
(I suppose he was come down  
At the setting of the sun,  
To comfort some one in the village  
Whose dwelling was desolate.)  
And he passed before the door  
Beside my place,  
And the likeness of a smile  
Was on his face !  
“Weep not,” he said, “for unto you is given  
To watch for the coming of His feet,  
Who is the glory of our blessed Heaven ;  
The work and watching will be very sweet  
Even in an earthly home,  
And in such an hour as ye think not  
He will come.”  
  
So I am watching quietly  
Every day :  
Whenever the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say,—

Surely it is the shining of His face !  
And look unto the gates of His high place  
    Beyond the sea,  
For I know He is coming shortly  
    To summon me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
    Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
    If He is come.  
And the angel answers sweetly  
    In my home,—  
“Only a few more shadows  
    And He will come.”

B. M.



## December 1.

## THE DAY OF THE LORD.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand :  
Its storms roll up the sky :  
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;  
All dreamers toss and sigh :  
The night is darkest before the morn ;  
When the pain is sorest the child is born,  
And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—  
Freedom and Mercy and Truth ;  
Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and old ;  
Come down, and renew us her youth.  
Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,  
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,  
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—  
Famine and Plague and War ;  
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,  
Gather and fall in the snare !  
Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,  
Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,  
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,  
While the Lord of all ages is here?  
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
And those who can suffer, can dare.  
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,  
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,  
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

C. KINGSLEY.

December 2.

IN a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity :  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle thro' them ;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look :  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy !  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passed joy ?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbed sense to steal it  
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

## December 3.

GOD, who at sundry times in manners many  
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,  
Eager to find if ever or if any  
Souls will obey and hearken to His will :—

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,  
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,  
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,  
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are :—

God, who whatever frenzy of our fretting  
Vexes sad life to spoil and to destroy,  
Lendeth an hour for peace and for forgetting,  
Setteth in pain the jewel of His joy :—

Gentle and faithful, tyrannous and tender,  
Ye that have known Him, is He sweet to know?  
Softly He touches, for the reed is slender,  
Wisely enkindles, for the flame is low.

Hark ! what a sound, and too divine for bearing,  
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air !  
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?  
Is it the music of His people's prayer?

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices  
Shout to the saints, and to the deaf are dumb ;  
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices  
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done, and shall we not adore Him ?  
This shall He do, and can we still despair ?  
Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,  
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care,

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,  
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,  
Then thro' all life and what is after living  
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,  
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :  
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,  
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS, *Saint Paul.*

### December 4.

THE FURIES' CHORUS.

(*Pursuing Orestes.*)

WEAVE the wild dance ; awake the song ;  
Awake the strain severe,  
And pour on mortal ear,  
What mighty honours to our race belong.

Still in justice find we pleasure,  
Meeting right in strictest measure ;  
He, whose hand from blood is pure,  
From our wrath may rest secure ;  
But the sinner who would fain  
Cover murder's crimson stain,  
Still shall find his steps pursued  
By inquisitors for blood,  
Due to the unavenged dead  
Our malison devotes his head.

O'er the victim we repeat  
Dirges for our office meet ;

Might is in that jarring note  
From the yelling Furies' throat.  
It can bind the soul in sadness,  
Blast the brain with blighting madness,  
Wither budding beauty's bloom,  
Hurry to an early tomb.  
Never harp's responsive chord  
Quivers when that strain is poured.  
When the web of Fate was spun,  
First my service was begun ;  
Him I tend, who, spurning laws,  
Blood hath shed without a cause,  
Till he lie entombed in earth ;  
(Such mine heirloom from my birth)  
Nor in Hades shall he be  
From the pangs of torture free.

Not to me to touch was given  
Pure inhabitants of heaven,  
Not to taste the social feast,  
Not to wear the snow-white vest :  
When, in household mask, a foe  
Deals the dark assassin's blow,  
Mine to work his overthrow :

Vengeance is for us alone !  
Smeared with gore, and marked by fate,  
Objects of eternal hate,  
We are exiles, forced to rove  
From the blessed courts of Jove.

J. ANSTICE,  
*from Æschylus, Eumenides.*

## December 5.

## RESENTMENT.

THIS was the husband—in a humble shed  
He nightly slept, and daily sought his bread :  
Once for relief the weary man applied :  
“Your wife is rich,” the angry vestry cried :  
Alas ! he dared not to his wife complain,  
Feeling her wrongs, and fearing her disdain.

At his old home, his motive half suppress’d,  
He sought no more for riches, but for rest :  
There lived the bounteous wife, and at her gate  
He saw in cheerful groups the needy wait.  
“Had he a right with bolder hope to apply ?”  
He ask’d—was answered, and went groaning by :  
For some remains of spirit, temper, pride,  
Forbade a prayer he knew would be denied.

Thus was the grieving man, with burthen’d ass,  
Seen day by day along the street to pass :  
“Who is he, Susan ? who the poor old man ?  
He never calls—do make him if you can.”  
She stopp’d confused, and had her words to seek ;  
From Susan’s fears the fact her mistress knew,  
And cried, “The wretch ! what scheme has he in  
view ?  
Is this his lot ?—but let him, let him feel—  
Who wants the courage, not the will to steal !”

A dreadful winter came, each day severe,  
Misty when mild, and icy cold when clear ;  
And still the humble dealer took his load,  
Returning slow, and shivering in the road.

The lady, still relentless, saw him come,  
And said, "I wonder—has the wretch a home?"  
"A hut! a hovel!"—"Then his fate appears  
To suit his crime:"—"Yes, lady, not his years;—  
No! nor his sufferings, nor that form decay'd."—  
"Well! let the parish give its paupers aid:  
You must the vileness of his acts allow:"—  
"And you, dear lady, that he feels it now."—  
"When such dissemblers on their deeds reflect,  
Can they the pity they refused expect?  
He that doth evil, evil shall he dread."—  
"The snow," quoth Susan, "falls upon his bed—  
It blows beside the thatch, it melts upon his head."—  
"'Tis weakness, child, for grieving guilt to feel:"—  
"Yes, but he never sees a wholesome meal:  
Thro' his bare dress appears his shrivelled skin,  
And ill he fares without, and worse within:  
With that weak body, lame, diseased, and slow,  
What cold, what pain, peril, must the sufferer  
know!"—  
"Think on his crime,"—"Yes, sure 'twas very wrong,  
But look (God bless him!) how he gropes along."—  
"Brought me to shame."—"Oh yes! I know it all—  
What cutting blast! and he can scarcely crawl:  
He freezes as he moves—he dies! if he should fall:  
With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet—  
And must a Christian perish in the street,  
In sight of Christians?—There! at last, he lies;—  
Nor unsupported can he ever rise:  
He cannot live." "But is he fit to die?"—  
Here Susan softly muttered a reply,  
Look'd round the room—said something of its state,  
Dives the rich, and Lazarus at his gate;  
And then aloud—"In pity do behold  
The man affrightened, weeping, trembling, cold:  
Oh! how those flakes of snow their entrance win  
Thro' the poor rags, and keep the frost within!"

His very heart seems frozen as he goes,  
Leading that starved companion of his woes :  
He tried to pray—his lips, I saw them move,  
And he so turn'd his piteous looks above ;  
But the fierce wind the willing heart opposed,  
And ere he spoke, the lips in misery closed :  
Poor suffering object ! yes, for ease you pray'd,  
And God will hear—He only, I'm afraid !”—  
“Peace, Susan, peace ! pain ever follows sin.”—  
“Ah then !” thought Susan, “when will ours begin?  
When reach'd his home to what a cheerless fire  
And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire !

There will he kneeling strive the fire to raise,  
And that will warm him rather than the blaze ;  
And I so warmly and so purely laid,  
To sink to rest—indeed—I am afraid.”—  
“Know you his conduct ?”—“Yes, indeed I know—  
And how he wanders in the wind and snow :  
Safe in our rooms the threatening storm we hear,  
But he feels strongly what we faintly fear.”—  
“Wilful was rich, and he the storm defied ;  
Wilful is poor, and must the storm abide,”  
Said the stern lady—“’Tis in vain to feel,  
Go and prepare the chicken for our meal.”

CRABBE, *Tales*, XVII.

### December 6.

THEY err who tell us love can die.  
With life all other passions fly—  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth ;



But love is indestructible,  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there.

SOUTHEY.

### December 7.

#### MOMENTS.

I LIE in a heavy trance,  
With a world of dream without me,  
Shapes of shadow dance,  
In wavering bands about me :  
But at times, some mystic things  
Appear in this phantom lair,  
That almost seem to me visitings  
Of truth known elsewhere :  
The world is wide,—these things are small, —  
They may be nothing, but they are All.

A prayer in an hour of pain,  
Begun in an under tone,  
Then lowered, as it would fain  
Be heard by the heart alone ;  
A throb, when the soul is entered,  
By a light that is lit above,  
Where the god of nature has centred  
The beauty of love—  
The world is wide,—these things are small, —  
They may be nothing, but they are All.

A look that is telling a tale,  
Which looks alone dare tell,—  
When a cheek is no longer pale  
That has caught the glance as it fell ;  
A touch, which seems to unlock  
Treasures unknown as yet,  
And the bitter, sweet, first shock,  
One never can forget :  
The world is wide,—these things are small,—  
They may be nothing, but they are All.

A sense of an earnest will  
To help the lowly-living,—  
And a terrible heart-thrill,  
If you have no power of giving :  
An arm of aid to the weak,  
A friendly hand to the friendless,  
Kind words, so short to speak,  
But whose echo is endless :  
The world is wide,—these things are small,—  
They may be nothing, but they are All.

The moment we think we have learnt  
The love of the All-Wise One,  
By which we could stand unburnt  
On the ridge of the seething sun :  
The moment we grasp at the clue,  
Long lost and strangely riven,  
Which guides our soul to the True,  
And, the Poet to Heaven :  
The world is wide,—these things are small,—  
If they be nothing, what is there at all ?

LORD HOUGHTON.

## December 8.

## A PRAYER.

BURDENED with years and full of sinfulness,  
With evil custom grown inveterate,  
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,  
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no  
less.

No strength I find in mine own feebleness  
To change or life or love or use or fate,  
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, tho' late,  
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn  
For that celestial home, where yet my soul  
May be new made, and not, as erst of nought :  
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn  
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole  
And pure before Thy Face she may be brought.

MICHAEL ANGELO (J. A. SYMONDS).

## December 9.

MAN dwells apart, though not alone,  
He walks among his peers unread ;  
The best of thoughts which he hath known,  
For lack of listeners are not said.

Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles,  
He saith, "They dwell not lone like men,"  
Forgetful that their sunflecked smiles  
Flash far beyond each other's ken.

He looks on God's eternal suns  
That sprinkle the celestial blue,  
And saith, "Ah ! happy shining ones,  
I would that men were grouped like you !"

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star  
That clustered with its peers we see,  
Only because from us so far  
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

JEAN INGELow.

### December 10.

#### CONVERSATION.

YE powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,  
And make colloquial happiness your care,  
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
A duel in the form of a debate.  
The clash of arguments and jar of words,  
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,  
Decide no question with their tedious length,  
For opposition gives opinion strength,  
Divert the champions prodigal of breath ;  
And put the peaceably disposed to death.  
O thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,  
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern ;  
Tho' syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
I am not surely always in the wrong ;  
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,—  
A fool must now and then be right by chance,  
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;  
No—there I grant the privilege I claim ;  
A disputable point is no man's ground ;  
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.

Discourse may want an animated—No,  
To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;  
But still remember, if you mean to please,  
To press your point with modesty and ease.  
The mark at which my juster aim I take,  
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.  
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,  
Knots and impediments make something hitch,  
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,  
Your thread of argument is snapp'd again :  
The wrangler rather than accord with you,  
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too ;  
Vociferated logic kills me quite,  
A noisy man is always in the right :  
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,  
And when I hope his blunders are all out,  
Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt !

COWPER.

## December 11.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heav'n was all tranquillity !  
A something, light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken,  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin ;

And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said ;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds—or like the stream  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you that have the charge of Love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound !

T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh*.

### December 12.

#### ADAM'S FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH.

What heart of rock could long  
Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,  
Though not of woman born ; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
And scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd :—  
“ O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !  
Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
To be thus wrested from us ? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus

The image of God in Man, created once  
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
Retaining still divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Maker's image' sake, exempt?"

"Their Maker's image," answered Michael, "then  
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took  
His image whom they served—a brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore, so abject is their punishment,  
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own ;  
Or, if His likeness, by themselves defaced  
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
To loathsome sickness—worthily, since they  
God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.  
But is there yet no other way, besides  
These painful passages, how we may come  
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe  
The rule of 'Not too much,' by temperance taught  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence,  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return.

So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd ; for death mature.  
This is old age ; but then, thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
change,

To wither'd, weak, and gray,—thy senses then,  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo  
To what thou hast ; and, for the air of youth,  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign

A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor:—

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
Life much—bent rather how I may be quit,  
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution." Michael replied:—

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven."

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book XI.

### December 13.

#### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
"O mother, take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light!"

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay  
Dear Lord in Thine, the night is day,  
And then is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small, and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

J. G. WHITTIER.



## December 14.

## QUICKENING.

I STOOD by a tree in December,  
I stood and I mocked it sore ;  
I said, "Thou old leafless cumberer  
Of earth, thy day is o'er ;  
I will send for the axe of the forester,  
That thou vex my sight no more."

I looked on a life all leafless,  
And dry as a wintry tree,  
And I said, "Thou art old and useless,  
The world hath no need of thee ;  
Thou art joyless, and shadeless, and sapless ;—  
O God ! why should such lives be ?"

But the sun beamed out in the summer,  
And I looked on my slighted tree,  
And 'neath its umbrageous cover,  
Green grass and sweet flowers be,  
And through its green boughs hover  
Insect, and bird, and bee.

And I said to myself in wonder,  
Lo ! I thought 'twas a lifeless tree,  
But the living sap flowed under  
The bark so hard to see,  
It needed but quickening summer  
To set its own life free.

I looked on the life I had slighted,  
And lo ! it bloomed rich and rare,  
And kindly grace unblighted  
Shone round it everywhere ;  
In its warm glow delighted,  
All living things had share.

And I said, what quickening summer  
Hath come to this life-worn tree,  
Hath burst its bands asunder,  
And set its froze sap free?  
Wouldst know the life-giving mother?  
God's Love is that mystery.

MRS. CAMPBELL *of Ballochyle.*

### December 15.

#### DISCONTENT.

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost  
And ruffled without cause, complaining on,  
Restless with rest, until, being overthrown,  
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost  
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost  
Of our ripe peach, or let the wilful sun  
Shine westward of our window,—straight we run  
A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.  
But what time through the heart and through the  
brain  
God hath transfixed us,—we so moved before,  
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,  
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore,  
And hear submissive o'er the stormy main  
God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

December 16.

A KINGDOM.

MY minde to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfecte joy therein I find  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or nature hath assignde :  
Tho' much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice ;  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
Look what I lacke my minde supplies.  
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toil, and keepe with feare :  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lover's eye ;  
To none of these I yield as thrall ;  
For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,  
I little have, yet seek no more ;  
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
I grudge not at another's gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is another's bane :  
I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend,  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw ;  
For ease, I care not what it is ;  
I feare not fortune's fatall law :  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
I wander not to seek for more ;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
In greatest storms I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
I feigne not love where most I hate ;  
I breake no sleep to winne my will ;  
I wayte not at the mighties gate ;  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cast, I like, ne loath ;  
Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;  
This is my choyce ; for why ? I finde  
No welth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clere my chiefe defence :  
I never seeke by brybes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

*Quoted by BEN JONSON in  
Every Man out of his Humour, 1509.*

### December 17.

#### THE GOLDEN PRISON.

WEEP not for me, when I am gone,  
Nor spend thy faithful breath  
In grieving o'er the spot or hour  
Of all-enshrouding death :

Nor waste in idle praise thy love  
On deeds of head or hand,  
Which live within the living Book,  
Or else are writ in sand ;

But let it be thy best of prayers,  
That I may find the grace  
To reach the holy house of toil,  
The frontier penance-place,—

To reach that golden palace bright,  
Where souls elect abide,  
Waiting their certain call to Heaven,  
With angels at their side ;

Where hate nor pride nor fear torments  
The transitory guest,  
But in the willing agony  
He plunges, and is blest.

And as the fainting patriarch gain'd  
His needful halt mid-way,  
And then refresh'd pursued his path,  
Where up the mount it lay,

So pray, that, rescued from the storm  
Of Heaven's eternal ire,  
I may lie down, then rise again,  
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

J. H. NEWMAN.

### December 18.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand ;  
But came the waves and washed it away ;  
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;  
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.  
Vayne man, said she, that dost in vain assaye  
A mortall thing so to immortalize ;  
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,  
And eke my name bee wyped out lykwise.  
Not so, quod I ; let baser things devize  
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame !  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens wryte your glorious name,  
Where, whenas death shall all the world subduc,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SPENSER, *Sonnet LXV.*

### December 19.

#### HOPE BENEATH THE WATERS.

"I CANNOT mount to Heaven beneath this ban ;  
Can Christian hope survive so far below  
The level of the happiness of man ?  
Can angels' wings in these dark waters grow ?"

A spirit voice replied, "From bearing right  
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear !  
And so we rise again towards the light,  
And quit the sunless depths for upper air :  
Meek patience is as diver's breath to all  
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray  
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day,  
To guide us reascending from our fall ;  
The rocks have bruised thee sore, but angel's wings  
Grow fast from bruises, hope from anguish springs."

C. TENNYSON TURNER.

### December 20.

. . . EARTH, earth, earth, behold !  
And in that judgment look upon thine own !

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,  
Oh Earth ! shall that last coming burst on thee,  
That secret coming of the Son of Man,  
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,  
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign :

When that Great Husbandman shall wave His fan,  
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away ;  
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,

Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.  
Along the busy mart and crowded street,  
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,

And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain ;  
Still pouring out the Cup of Woe ;

Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,  
And mountains molten by His burning feet,  
And Heaven His presence own, all red with  
furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,  
The towers and temples, nam'd of men

Eternal, and the thrones of kings ;  
The gilded summer palaces,  
The courtly bowers of love and ease,  
Where still the bird of pleasure sings ;  
Ask ye the destiny of them ?

Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem !

Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,  
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,  
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,  
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Lord of all power, when Thou art there alone  
On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,  
That in its high meridian noon  
Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon ;

When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,  
Wide sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom :  
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,  
The dead of all the ages round Thee wait ;  
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn

Like forest leaves in the autumn of Thine ire ;  
Faithful and true ! Thou still wilt save Thine own !

The saints shall dwell within th' unharmed fire,  
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm,  
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,  
So shall the Church, Thy bright and mystic bride,

Sit on the stormy gulf, a halcyon bird of calm.  
Yes, mid yon angry and destroying signs,  
O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines,  
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,  
Almighty to avenge, Almighty to redeem.

H. H. MILMAN, Dean of St. Paul's,  
*The Fall of Jerusalem.*



## December 21.

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHAT of the night, what of the night?  
Blue and starry and cold,  
Silver mists in the gray twilight  
Over the level wold?  
Forward and backward, thought on thought,  
Others have gazed before,  
Souls are precious, though earth is nought,  
And bright the golden shore.

What of the night, what of the night?  
Pales the radiant moon,  
Stars die out in uncertain light,  
And morning cometh soon :  
Morning dawns and sorrows creep back,  
Unrest in the golden ray,  
Long is the night, but certain the track  
To the everlasting day.

F. G. LEE.

## December 22.

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify !  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :  
That is my home of love : if I have rang'd,  
Like him that travels I return again ;  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
So that myself bring water for my stain ;

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet CIX.*

### December 23.

#### THE GÖTTINGEN PROFESSOR.

. . . I AM left alone once more—  
 Alone beside the entrance door  
 Of a sort of temple—perhaps a college,  
 —Like nothing I ever saw before  
 At home in England, to my knowledge.  
 The tall, old, quaint, irregular town !  
 It may be . . . though which, I can't affirm, any  
 Of the famous middle-age towns of Germany ;

. . . . .  
 It may be Göttingen,—most likely.  
 Thro' the open door I catch obliquely  
 Glimpses of a lecture hall ;  
 And not a bad assembly neither,  
 Rang'd decent and symmetrical  
 On benches, waiting what's to see there ;  
 Which I also resolve to see with them.

. . . . .  
 But hist—a buzzing and emotion !  
 All settle themselves, the while ascends

By the creaking rail to the lecture desk,  
Step by step, deliberate,  
Because of his cranium's overfreight,  
Three parts sublime to one grotesque,  
If I have proved an accurate guesser,  
The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor.  
I felt at once as if there ran  
A shoot of love from my heart to the man—  
That sallow, virgin-minded, studious  
Martyr to mild enthusiasm,  
As he uttered a kind of cough-preludious  
That woke my sympathetic spasm,  
(Beside some spitting that made me sorry)  
And stood, surveying his auditory  
With a wan pure look, well-nigh celestial,—  
Those blue eyes had survived so much !  
While, under the foot they could not smutch,  
Lay all the fleshly and the bestial.  
Over he bowed, and arranged his notes,  
Till the auditory's clearing of throats  
Was done with, died into a silence ;  
And, when each glance was upward sent,  
Each bearded mouth composed intent,  
And a pin might be heard drop half a mile hence,—  
He pushed back higher his spectacles,  
Let the eyes stream out like lamps from cells,  
And giving his head of hair—a hake  
Of undressed tow, for colour and quantity—  
One rapid and impatient shake,  
(As our own young England adjusts a jaunty tie  
When about to impart, on mature digestion,  
Some thrilling view of the surplice-question)  
—The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,  
Broke into his Christmas Eve discourse.

R. BROWNING,  
*Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.*

## December 24.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas Eve,  
I went sighing past the church across the moor-  
land dreary—

“Oh ! never sin and want and woe this earth will  
leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing rounds, they  
sing so cheery.

How long, O Lord ! how long before Thou come  
again !

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland  
dreary

The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor  
men toil in vain,

Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas  
bells be cheery.”

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on  
the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells  
ringing,

And a voice within cried,—“Listen ! Christmas  
carols even here !

Tho’ thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the stars  
and snows are singing.

Blind ! I live, I love, I reign ; and all the nations  
through,

With the thunder of my judgments even now are  
ringing ;

Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,  
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear  
through it angels singing.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## December 25.

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?  
My God, no hymne for Thee ?  
My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds  
Of thoughts and words and deeds.  
The pasture is Thy Word ; the streams, Thy Grace  
Enriching all the place.  
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers  
Out-sing the daylight houres.  
Then will we chide the sunne for letting night  
Take up his place and right :

We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should  
Himself the candle hold,  
I will go searching, till I find a sunne  
Shall stay, till we have done.  
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,  
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.  
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,  
And one another pay :  
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,  
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church.*

## December 26.

EARTH'S children cleave to Earth—her frail  
Decaying children dread decay.  
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,  
And lessens in the morning ray ;

Look how, by mountain rivulet,  
It lingers as it upward creeps,  
And clings to fern and copsewood set  
Along the green and dewy steeps :  
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings  
To precipices fringed with grass,  
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,  
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.

Yet all in vain—it passes still  
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,  
And in the very beams that fill  
The world with glory, wastes away,  
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,  
It vanishes from human eye  
And that which sprung of earth is now  
A portion of the glorious sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### December 27.

Two suns appear to men to-day : one made,  
One Maker : one eternal, one to fade,  
One the Stars' King ; the King of their King, one :  
This makes—that bids him make—the hours to run.  
The Sun shines with the True Sun, ray with ray,  
Light with light, Day with Him that makes the day.  
Day without night, without seed bears the fruit,  
Unwedded Mother, Flower without a root.  
She than all greater : He the greatest still ;  
She filled by Him whose glories all things fill.  
That night is almost day, and yields to none,  
Wherein God flesh, wherein flesh God, put on.

The undone is done again ; attuned the jar :  
Sun precedes day, the morn, the morning star.  
True Sun, and Very Light, and Very Day :  
God was that Sun, and God its Light and ray.  
How bare the Virgin, ask'st Thou, God and Man ?  
I know not : but I know God all things can.

S. HILDEBERT,  
*trans. by J. M. NEALE.*

### December 28.

THEY scarcely waked before they slept,  
They scarcely wept before they laughed ;  
They drank indeed death's bitterest draught,  
But all its bitterest dregs were kept  
And drained by mothers while they wept.

From Heaven the speechless infants speak :  
Weep not (they say), our mothers dear,  
For swords nor sorrows come not here,  
Now we are strong who were so weak,  
And all is ours we could not seek.

We bloom among the blooming flowers,  
We sing among the singing birds ;  
Wisdom we have who wanted words ;  
Here morning knows not evening hours,  
All's rainbow here without the showers.

And softer than our mother's breast,  
And closer than our mother's arm,  
Is here the Love that keeps us warm  
And broods above our happy nest,  
Dear mothers, come, for Heaven is best.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## December 29.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied,—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

T. HOOD.

## December 30.

HE HEALETH THE BROKEN IN HEART.

OH Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee !  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.



But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanished too !  
Oh who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above ?  
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

T. MOORE.

### December 31.

#### THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared !  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow ;  
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe.

Thro' woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll ;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, " Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray—pray !"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers ;—  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain !

Then comes the summerlike day,  
Bids the old man rejoice !  
His joy ! his last ! Oh the old man gray  
Loveth that ever soft voice  
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith—  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—  
" Pray do not mock me so !  
Do not laugh at me !"

And now the sweet day is dead ;  
Cold in his arms it lies ;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain !

Then too, the old year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
" Vex not his ghost !"

---

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away !  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul ! could thus decay,  
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day ;  
And the stars, from heaven downcast,  
Like red leaves be swept away !  
Kyrie Eleison ! Christe Eleison !

LONGFELLOW.



# INDEX.

## A

## PAGE

|                                              |                           |     |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------|-----|
| All are architects of Fate . . . .           | <i>Longfellow</i>         | 10  |
| And with that word . . . .                   | <i>Chaucer</i>            | 12  |
| As from a mountain's top . . . .             | <i>Longfellow</i>         | 46  |
| Are there not, then, two musics . . . .      | <i>A. H. Clough</i>       | 51  |
| A thousand pretty ways . . . .               | <i>Cowley</i>             | 57  |
| Alas, why plainen men . . . .                | <i>Chaucer</i>            | 63  |
| As precious gums . . . .                     | <i>Dryden</i>             | 70  |
| And a new spirit . . . .                     | <i>George Eliot</i>       | 92  |
| All fair things . . . .                      | <i>Lord Houghton</i>      | 106 |
| A dewdrop falling . . . .                    | <i>R. C. Trench</i>       | 107 |
| And art thou dead . . . .                    | <i>Byron</i>              | 124 |
| As it fell upon a day . . . .                | <i>Shakespeare</i>        | 127 |
| Ah, yet when all is thought and said . . . . | <i>A. H. Clough</i>       | 147 |
| As ships, becalmed . . . .                   | <i>A. H. Clough</i>       | 149 |
| A day of clouds and darkness . . . .         | <i>J. M. Neale</i>        | 169 |
| A good man ther was . . . .                  | <i>Chaucer</i>            | 189 |
| As, at a railway junction . . . .            | <i>A. H. Clough</i>       | 201 |
| A thing of beauty . . . .                    | <i>Keats</i>              | 215 |
| A troop of boys . . . .                      | <i>Ernest Myers</i>       | 221 |
| Angels thy old friends . . . .               | <i>R. Crashaw</i>         | 261 |
| A spotless child . . . .                     | <i>R. Browning</i>        | 263 |
| As on my bed at dawn . . . .                 | <i>C. Tennyson Turner</i> | 277 |
| All round the house . . . .                  | <i>Crabbe</i>             | 292 |
| Alone, in the noisy . . . .                  | <i>F. S. Lee</i>          | 334 |
| Alas ! how light a cause . . . .             | <i>Moore</i>              | 359 |
| A tender child of summers three . . . .      | <i>J. G. Whittier</i>     | 362 |

## B

|                                         |                          |     |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------|-----|
| Busy, curious, thirsty fly . . . .      | <i>W. Oldys</i>          | 108 |
| Beneath the hedge . . . .               | <i>Cowper</i>            | 123 |
| But peace ! I must not quarrel . . . .  | <i>Milton</i>            | 140 |
| Beauty is but a vain . . . .            | <i>Shakespeare</i>       | 151 |
| Blue and baseless and beautiful . . . . | <i>J. Ruskin</i>         | 159 |
| But what strange art . . . .            | <i>Crabbe</i>            | 182 |
| Be not afraid to pray . . . .           | <i>Hartley Coleridge</i> | 192 |

|                                          |                       | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------------|------|
| Believe not that your inner eye . . .    | <i>Lord Houghton</i>  | 198  |
| But there are richer entanglements . . . | <i>Keats</i>          | 210  |
| Beneath an Indian palm . . .             | <i>Lord Houghton</i>  | 216  |
| Betwixt mine eye and heart . . .         | <i>Shakespeare</i>    | 274  |
| Be strong to hope, O heart . . .         | <i>A. A. Proctor</i>  | 300  |
| Be merciful, be gracious . . .           | <i>J. H. Newman</i>   | 301  |
| Before I see another day . . .           | <i>Wordsworth</i>     | 319  |
| Burdened with years . . .                | <i>Michael Angelo</i> | 357  |

## C

|                                       |                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|-----|
| Charme me asleep . . .                | <i>Herrick</i>        | 2   |
| Christ ! I am Christ's . . .          | <i>F. W. H. Myers</i> | 22  |
| Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life . . . | <i>G. Herbert</i>     | 39  |
| Can I see another's woe . . .         | <i>W. Blake</i>       | 50  |
| Can I not come to Thee . . .          | <i>Herrick</i>        | 64  |
| Conversation is but carving . . .     | <i>Walter Scott</i>   | 84  |
| Crabbed age and youth . . .           | <i>Shakespeare</i>    | 135 |
| Clear and cool . . .                  | <i>C. Kingsley</i>    | 136 |
| Come forth, come forth . . .          | <i>J. Lockhart</i>    | 168 |
| Cold was the night wind . . .         | <i>Southey</i>        | 333 |

## D

|                                 |                        |     |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|-----|
| Daphne knows . . .              | <i>Swift</i>           | 14  |
| Dry those fair . . .            | <i>Dr. King</i>        | 24  |
| Down with rosemary . . .        | <i>Herrick</i>         | 31  |
| Dark is the sky . . .           | <i>S. J. Stone</i>     | 33  |
| Death was full urgent . . .     | <i>J. H. Newman</i>    | 228 |
| Dead is thy daughter . . .      | <i>C. E. Alexander</i> | 279 |
| Disappointed of her game . . .  | <i>J. Anstice</i>      | 288 |
| Day, faster and more fast . . . | <i>R. Browning</i>     | 305 |

## E

|                                               |                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------|-----|
| Early in spring time . . .                    | <i>C. Kingsley</i>    | 71  |
| Each trial has its weight . . .               | <i>J. H. Newman</i>   | 175 |
| Eternal Lord ! eased of a cumbrous load . . . | <i>Michael Angelo</i> | 209 |
| Ethereal minstrel . . .                       | <i>Wordsworth</i>     | 231 |
| Earth, earth, earth . . .                     | <i>H. H. Milman</i>   | 369 |
| Earth's children cleave to earth . . .        | <i>W. C. Bryant</i>   | 375 |

## F

|                                         |                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------|-----|
| Fain would I wish . . .                 | <i>Michael Angelo</i> | 7   |
| For many books . . .                    | <i>G. Wither</i>      | 58  |
| For what so strong . . .                | <i>Spenser</i>        | 82  |
| First April . . .                       | <i>Herrick</i>        | 87  |
| Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree . . . | <i>Herrick</i>        | 117 |
| Flowers preach to us . . .              | <i>C. Rossetti</i>    | 146 |
| Few rightly estimate the worth . . .    | <i>Old MS.</i>        | 223 |

|                                    | PAGE                   |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| For note, when evening . . . .     | <i>R. Browning</i> 226 |
| For a thousand years the stars . . | 241                    |
| Fear death? . . . . .              | <i>R. Browning</i> 247 |

## G

|                                       |                              |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Gold banish'd honour . . . . .        | <i>Gay</i> 10                |
| Great monarch of the world . . .      | <i>Charles I.</i> 27         |
| Gabriel, from the heaven descending . | <i>Adam of St. Victor</i> 80 |
| Green leaves dying into gold . . .    | <i>Anon.</i> 338             |
| God, who at sundry times . . . .      | <i>F. W. H. Myers</i> 349    |

## H

|                                       |                              |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| He died the beautiful death . . .     | <i>S. J. Stone</i> 52        |
| He who for love . . . . .             | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 61      |
| He who bends to himself . . . .       | <i>W. Blake</i> 67           |
| Heav'n from all creatures . . . .     | <i>Pope</i> 82               |
| How glorious were the nightingales .  | <i>J. M. Neale</i> 85        |
| He saves the sheep . . . . .          | <i>M. Arnold</i> 89          |
| He who wintry hours hath given . .    | <i>Anon.</i> 109             |
| He that loves a rosy cheek . . . .    | <i>Carew</i> 120             |
| How happy is he born . . . . .        | <i>Sir H. Wotton</i> 126     |
| Here's the garden she walked across . | <i>R. Browning</i> 157       |
| He is the happiest man . . . . .      | <i>J. Anstice</i> 180        |
| He has ta'en some twenty . . . .      | <i>J. Lockhart</i> 202       |
| How do I love thee . . . . .          | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 205    |
| Here let us leave him . . . . .       | <i>F. W. H. Myers</i> 206    |
| How calm, how beautiful . . . .       | <i>Moore</i> 222             |
| Here may the band . . . . .           | <i>Giles Fletcher</i> 304    |
| How long, O Lord . . . . .            | <i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> 337 |

## I

|                                     |                          |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| I cannot sleep . . . . .            | <i>Longfellow</i> 19     |
| If sorrow came not near us . . .    | <i>R. C. Trench</i> 39   |
| I saw no mortal beauty . . . .      | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 43 |
| I thought to meet no more . . . .   | <i>J. Keble</i> 44       |
| I shall not ask . . . . .           | <i>Cowper</i> 47         |
| I cannot choose but think . . . .   | <i>George Eliot</i> 72   |
| I wish to have no wishes left . . . | <i>F. W. Faber</i> 74    |
| I do not ask, O Lord . . . . .      | <i>A. A. Proctor</i> 81  |
| I heard a thousand . . . . .        | <i>Wordsworth</i> 87     |
| If thou wilt ease thy heart . . . . | <i>T. L. Beddoes</i> 109 |
| I wandered lonely . . . . .         | <i>Wordsworth</i> 113    |
| I cannot tell what you say . . . .  | <i>C. Kingsley</i> 119   |
| I've watched you now . . . . .      | <i>Wordsworth</i> 140    |
| If the race of men are wise . . . . | <i>J. Anstice</i> 148    |
| If thou be master gunner . . . .    | <i>G. Herbert</i> 155    |
| It is a beauteous evening . . . .   | <i>Wordsworth</i> 166    |

|                                       | PAGE                          |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| In all this world . . . . .           | <i>Chaucer</i> 166            |
| It is not death . . . . .             | <i>T. Hood</i> 167            |
| If that high world . . . . .          | <i>Byron</i> 167              |
| I've heard them lilting . . . . .     | <i>Old Ballad</i> 176         |
| I've seen the smiling . . . . .       | <i>Mrs. Cockburn</i> 177      |
| If thou be one . . . . .              | <i>Wordsworth</i> 183         |
| I have a room . . . . .               | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 195        |
| If doughty deeds . . . . .            | <i>Graham of Gartmore</i> 200 |
| It came, I know not whence . . . . .  | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 216     |
| I took my heart in my hand . . . . .  | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 217        |
| It is not the tear . . . . .          | <i>Moore</i> 219              |
| Innocent child . . . . .              | <i>W. C. Bryant</i> 220       |
| In such a world . . . . .             | <i>Cowper</i> 220             |
| It is our trust . . . . .             | <i>R. Browning</i> 231        |
| I know not which to choose . . . . .  | <i>H. Swinney</i> 242         |
| I stand by the river . . . . .        | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 264     |
| I wept for love . . . . .             | <i>Anon.</i> 273              |
| I would not look up . . . . .         | <i>R. Browning</i> 322        |
| It must be right sometimes . . . . .  | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 326     |
| I said, These painful shoes . . . . . | <i>H. S. Sutton</i> 336       |
| It may be in the evening . . . . .    | <i>B. M.</i> 342              |
| In a drear-nighted December . . . . . | <i>Keats</i> 348              |
| I lie in a heavy trance . . . . .     | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 355      |
| I stood by a tree . . . . .           | <i>Mrs. Campbell</i> 363      |
| I cannot mount to Heaven . . . . .    | <i>C. Tennyson Turner</i> 368 |
| I am left alone once more . . . . .   | <i>R. Browning</i> 372        |
| It chanced upon the merry . . . . .   | <i>C. Kingsley</i> 374        |

## J

|                                        |                          |
|----------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Jesu, bless our slender boat . . . . . | <i>Wordsworth</i> 144    |
| Joy comes and goes . . . . .           | <i>M. Arnold</i> 205     |
| Joy of my life . . . . .               | <i>H. Vaughan</i> 295    |
| John Grumlie swore . . . . .           | <i>Scotch Ballad</i> 331 |

## K

|                             |                         |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Know then thyself . . . . . | <i>Pope</i> 207         |
| King of Kings . . . . .     | <i>H. H. Milman</i> 316 |

## L

|                                                    |                         |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Life ! I know not . . . . .                        | <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> 33 |
| Let not soft slumber . . . . .                     | <i>Watts</i> 56         |
| Let me not to the marriage of true minds . . . . . | <i>Shakespeare</i> 70   |
| Lie not ; but let thy heart be true . . . . .      | <i>G. Herbert</i> 88    |
| Little lamb, who made thee . . . . .               | <i>W. Blake</i> 95      |
| Lo the oke . . . . .                               | <i>Chaucer</i> 131      |
| Lift it gently to the steeple . . . . .            | <i>J. M. Neale</i> 138  |
| Lay Thy hand upon me . . . . .                     | <i>C. M. Noel</i> 152   |



|                                          | PAGE                      |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Lord, in this dust . . . . .             | <i>J. H. Newman</i> 184   |
| Like as the waves . . . . .              | <i>Shakespeare</i> 219    |
| Lord, with what courage . . . . .        | <i>H. Vaughan</i> 230     |
| Lady Moon . . . . .                      | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 274  |
| Love is not always harsh . . . . .       | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 282 |
| Life is but a day . . . . .              | <i>Robert Burns</i> 289   |
| Life and thought are gone away . . . . . | <i>Tennyson</i> 325       |
| Life is not sweet . . . . .              | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 326    |
| Light human nature . . . . .             | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 364 |

## M

|                                              |                         |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Man's life was spacious . . . . .            | <i>George Eliot</i> 3   |
| May I through life . . . . .                 | <i>Merrick</i> 5        |
| Miserere Domine ! . . . .                    | <i>M. Arnold</i> 61     |
| Morning, evening, noon, and night, . . . . . | <i>R. Browning</i> 96   |
| Mysterious night . . . . .                   | <i>Blanco White</i> 104 |
| My faithfull friend . . . . .                | <i>Herrick</i> 153      |
| More and more stars . . . . .                | <i>J. Keble</i> 173     |
| Mark you the floore . . . . .                | <i>G. Herbert</i> 187   |
| Minds are for sects . . . . .                | <i>Crabbe</i> 213       |
| Men you call fair . . . . .                  | <i>Spenser</i> 227      |
| Man may find life's pathway . . . . .        | <i>J. Anstice</i> 237   |
| Merrily rose the bridal strain . . . . .     | <i>J. Anstice</i> 327   |
| Man dwells apart . . . . .                   | <i>J. Ingelow</i> 357   |
| My minde to me a kingdom is . . . . .        | <i>Ben Jonson</i> 365   |

## N

|                                           |                              |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| No tears, no sighing . . . . .            | <i>T. Lovell Beddoes</i> 9   |
| Not a thing is by itself . . . . .        | <i>The Second Brother</i> 15 |
| Nothing is left or lost . . . . .         | <i>R. C. Trench</i> 62       |
| Night hath no wings . . . . .             | <i>Herrick</i> 89            |
| Not always actions show the man . . . . . | <i>Pope</i> 101              |
| No cloud, no relique . . . . .            | <i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 114   |
| Now the bright morning star . . . . .     | <i>Milton</i> 116            |
| Nothing so true . . . . .                 | <i>Pope</i> 137              |
| No action whether foul or fair . . . . .  | <i>Longfellow</i> 143        |
| Nought blinds you less . . . . .          | <i>R. Browning</i> 235       |
| No stir in the air . . . . .              | <i>Southey</i> 248           |
| Now in life's breezy morning . . . . .    | <i>E. Myers</i> 251          |
| Now was the hour . . . . .                | <i>Dante (Cary)</i> 295      |
| Not to the grave . . . . .                | <i>Southey</i> 312           |

## O

|                                                 |                         |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Oh ! how much more doth Beauty . . . . .        | <i>Shakespeare</i> 27   |
| Oft as Thee, my infant Saviour . . . . .        | <i>E. Caswall</i> 32    |
| One morning, all alone . . . . .                | <i>Longfellow</i> 34    |
| O glotonie, full of cursednesse . . . . .       | <i>Chaucer</i> 53       |
| O say what is that thing called light . . . . . | <i>Colley Cibber</i> 55 |
| On the cross the dying Saviour . . . . .        | <i>Longfellow</i> 90    |

|                                        | PAGE                      |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| On every priest . . . . .              | <i>Crabbe</i> 111         |
| Oh, that our dreamings all . . . .     | <i>Keats</i> 151          |
| O fair as far . . . . .                | <i>Anon.</i> 173          |
| O chance, suggesting . . . . .         | <i>J. Anstice</i> 194     |
| O for one minute hark . . . . .        | <i>F. W. H. Myers</i> 196 |
| O soden wo . . . . .                   | <i>Chaucer</i> 207        |
| O stream descending . . . . .          | <i>A. H. Clough</i> 238   |
| O Earth, I count . . . . .             | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 239 |
| O night, O sweet . . . . .             | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 247 |
| O dull, dull heart . . . . .           | <i>C. A. S.</i> 251       |
| O only source . . . . .                | <i>A. H. Clough</i> 256   |
| O Earth, lie heavily . . . . .         | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 263    |
| On to the sacred hill . . . . .        | <i>Milton</i> 265         |
| One by one . . . . .                   | <i>A. A. Proctor</i> 270  |
| O Sorrow ! . . . . .                   | <i>Keats</i> 271          |
| Oh, good gigantic smile . . . . .      | <i>R. Browning</i> 277    |
| Of all the thoughts . . . . .          | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 278 |
| One more unfortunate . . . . .         | <i>T. Hood</i> 283        |
| One loving howre . . . . .             | <i>Spenser</i> 290        |
| O now I see what beauties lay . . .    | <i>Isaac Williams</i> 303 |
| O it is sweet to think . . . . .       | <i>F. W. Faber</i> 323    |
| One adequate support . . . . .         | <i>Wordsworth</i> 341     |
| One day I wrote her name . . . . .     | <i>Spenser</i> 368        |
| O never say . . . . .                  | <i>Shakespeare</i> 371    |
| Oh Thou who dry'st . . . . .           | <i>Moore</i> 378          |
| P                                      |                           |
| Parting, to meet no more . . . . .     | <i>Isaac Williams</i> 21  |
| Put off thy robe of purple . . . . .   | <i>Herrick</i> 91         |
| Peace is God's direct assurance . . .  | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 233  |
| Peace be around thee . . . . .         | <i>Moore</i> 260          |
| Poor soul, the centre . . . . .        | <i>Shakespeare</i> 275    |
| Q                                      |                           |
| Queen and huntress . . . . .           | <i>Ben Jonson</i> 118     |
| R                                      |                           |
| Rest is happy . . . . .                | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 314  |
| S                                      |                           |
| Sleep, Holy Babe . . . . .             | <i>E. Caswall</i> 5       |
| Shepherd, what's Love? . . . . .       | <i>Sir W. Raleigh</i> 26  |
| Since I did leave . . . . .            | <i>Spenser</i> 30         |
| Stella this day is thirty-four . . . . | <i>Swift</i> 68           |
| Say not the struggle naught availeth . | <i>A. H. Clough</i> 73    |
| Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart . .   | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 84  |
| Sweet day so cool . . . . .            | <i>G. Herbert</i> 127     |
| Some are laughing . . . . .            | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 191    |

|                                       | PAGE                          |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Sweet, be not proud . . . .           | <i>Herrick</i> 192            |
| Said an ancient hermit . . . .        | <i>S. Baring Gould</i> 197    |
| She pluck'd a wild wood-rose . . . .  | <i>C. Tennyson Turner</i> 254 |
| Somewhat back from the village street | <i>Longfellow</i> 258         |
| Sister Sorrow ! sit beside me . . . . | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 281      |
| She lay among the myrtles . . . .     | <i>C. Kingsley</i> 286        |
| Such a starved bank of moss . . . .   | <i>R. Browning</i> 290        |
| Sleep on, baby . . . . .              | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 329     |
| Sweet is the Rose . . . . .           | <i>Spenser</i> 330            |
| Some strain in rhyme . . . . .        | <i>Pope</i> 335               |

## T

|                                              |                           |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Thou shouldst have longer lived . . . .      | <i>Charles Lamb</i> 4     |
| There is a jewel . . . . .                   | <i>Unknown</i> 12         |
| Thus cavils she . . . . .                    | <i>Shakespeare</i> 18     |
| These hairs of age . . . . .                 | <i>Lord Vaux</i> 25       |
| To see sad sights . . . . .                  | <i>Shakespeare</i> 33     |
| The voice which I . . . . .                  | <i>G. Wither</i> 38       |
| Thou speakest carelessly of death . . . .    | <i>Longfellow</i> 41      |
| Thou knowest, Lord . . . . .                 | <i>Anon.</i> 42           |
| The Assyrian came down . . . . .             | <i>Byron</i> 49           |
| Thou can'st not to thy place . . . . .       | <i>R. C. Trench</i> 56    |
| This love of self . . . . .                  | <i>Campanelle</i> 57      |
| The soul secured . . . . .                   | <i>Addison</i> 58         |
| The fables of the world . . . . .            | <i>Michael Angelo</i> 62  |
| Teach me, my God and King . . . . .          | <i>G. Herbert</i> 65      |
| There is a Reaper . . . . .                  | <i>Longfellow</i> 66      |
| There's not a joy the world can give . . . . | <i>Byron</i> 69           |
| Therefore to whom turn I . . . . .           | <i>R. Browning</i> 76     |
| The whispering waves . . . . .               | <i>Shelley</i> 79         |
| Through the mossy sods . . . . .             | <i>Shelley</i> 79         |
| The foe behind . . . . .                     | <i>J. M. Neale</i> 93     |
| The forward violet . . . . .                 | <i>Shakespeare</i> 99     |
| The past's our own . . . . .                 | <i>C. Kingsley</i> 100    |
| The pathos exquisite . . . . .               | <i>George Eliot</i> 105   |
| The east wind slept . . . . .                | <i>S. J. Stone</i> 108    |
| The bud on the bough . . . . .               | <i>Gwen</i> 110           |
| There is a wound within me . . . . .         | <i>Isaac Williams</i> 110 |
| The stars burnt out . . . . .                | <i>Shelley</i> 120        |
| The mother stood at the window . . . .       | <i>Heine</i> 131          |
| The bubble of the silver springing waves     | <i>Roscoe</i> 142         |
| These are the happier pairs . . . . .        | <i>Crabbe</i> 142         |
| The tomb to the blushing rose . . . . .      | <i>Bulwer Lytton</i> 150  |
| The earth was green . . . . .                | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 153    |
| To leave unseen so many . . . . .            | <i>R. C. Trench</i> 154   |
| Talk not of wasted affection . . . . .       | <i>Longfellow</i> 155     |
| Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . . . .       | <i>W. Blake</i> 156       |
| 'Tis not, I know . . . . .                   | <i>Crabbe</i> 159         |
| 'Tis hard to say . . . . .                   | <i>Pope</i> 160           |
| Thy life is safe . . . . .                   | <i>Byron</i> 162          |

|                                          |                          | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------------|------|
| The evening comes . . . . .              | <i>M. Arnold</i>         | 163  |
| There is no flock . . . . .              | <i>Longfellow</i>        | 185  |
| Time was a sober Englishman . . . . .    | <i>Pope</i>              | 188  |
| The lake lay hid in mist . . . . .       | <i>Anon.</i>             | 190  |
| Take the last kiss . . . . .             | <i>J. M. Neale</i>       | 193  |
| The people's honest child . . . . .      | <i>Lord Houghton</i>     | 196  |
| 'Twas August . . . . .                   | <i>M. Arnold</i>         | 209  |
| Tears though they're here . . . . .      | <i>Herrick</i>           | 210  |
| To hope where hope is vain . . . . .     | <i>Mrs. J. Anstice</i>   | 227  |
| The land that gave me birth . . . . .    | <i>Dante (Cary)</i>      | 232  |
| Tell me in what state of life . . . . .  | <i>J. Anstice</i>        | 236  |
| To me, fair friend . . . . .             | <i>Shakespeare</i>       | 244  |
| The world's a sea . . . . .              | <i>F. Quarles</i>        | 245  |
| There is a silence . . . . .             | <i>T. Hood</i>           | 253  |
| These beauteous forms . . . . .          | <i>Wordsworth</i>        | 253  |
| The clouds are flitting . . . . .        | <i>J. Anstice</i>        | 255  |
| Thou art the source . . . . .            | <i>Corrper</i>           | 260  |
| The little maid lay moaning . . . . .    | <i>S. J. Stone</i>       | 291  |
| There's a fancy some lean to . . . . .   | <i>R. Browning</i>       | 298  |
| The Poets, in their elegies . . . . .    | <i>Wordsworth</i>        | 299  |
| They whose course . . . . .              | <i>J. M. Neale</i>       | 307  |
| The spirit of this age spoke . . . . .   | <i>Notes and Queries</i> | 310  |
| To die and be at rest . . . . .          | <i>H. N. Oxenham</i>     | 318  |
| Thine eyes I love . . . . .              | <i>Shakespeare</i>       | 321  |
| The melancholy days are come . . . . .   | <i>W. C. Bryant</i>      | 338  |
| The Day of the Lord is at hand . . . . . | <i>C. Kingsley</i>       | 347  |
| This was the husband . . . . .           | <i>Crabbe</i>            | 352  |
| They err who tell us . . . . .           | <i>Southey</i>           | 354  |
| The shepherds sing . . . . .             | <i>G. Herbert</i>        | 375  |
| Two suns appear to men . . . . .         | <i>S. Hildebert</i>      | 376  |
| They scarcely waked . . . . .            | <i>C. Rossetti</i>       | 377  |

## U

|                                           |                         |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----|
| Undone, undone . . . . .                  | <i>Percy's Reliques</i> | 164 |
| Under eaves, against the towers . . . . . | <i>S. Baring Gould</i>  | 267 |

## W

|                                               |                         |    |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| When first thy eyes unveil . . . . .          | <i>H. Vaughan</i>       | 8  |
| We live not in our moments . . . . .          | <i>R. C. Trench</i>     | 13 |
| Weary of myself, and sick of asking . . . . . | <i>M. Arnold</i>        | 16 |
| With partial hands the gods . . . . .         | <i>Pope</i>             | 17 |
| Why will ye call it . . . . .                 | <i>C. M. Noel</i>       | 19 |
| Who will show me . . . . .                    | <i>G. Herbert</i>       | 21 |
| What can we do . . . . .                      | <i>F. W. H. Myers</i>   | 40 |
| Welcome, deare feast of Lent . . . . .        | <i>G. Herbert</i>       | 54 |
| Welcome, wild North-Easter . . . . .          | <i>C. Kingsley</i>      | 59 |
| When I consider how my light . . . . .        | <i>Milton</i>           | 64 |
| When once thy foot . . . . .                  | <i>G. Herbert</i>       | 67 |
| When love with unconfined wings . . . . .     | <i>Col. R. Lovelace</i> | 77 |
| Who was it that so lately said . . . . .      | <i>R. C. Trench</i>     | 78 |

|                                              | PAGE                      |
|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| We live together years and years . . . . .   | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 99   |
| Who is the happy warrior . . . . .           | <i>Wordsworth</i> 103     |
| Why does the sea moan evermore . . . . .     | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 105    |
| Where sunless rivers weep . . . . .          | <i>C. Rossetti</i> 116    |
| We were apart . . . . .                      | <i>M. Arnold</i> 121      |
| When griping griefes . . . . .               | <i>R. Edwards</i> 129     |
| Where did you come from, baby dear?          | <i>G. Macdonald</i> 130   |
| Why this flower . . . . .                    | <i>Herrick</i> 134        |
| What state of life can be so blest . . . . . | <i>Dryden</i> 145         |
| Whene'er thy shining vane . . . . .          | <i>Francis Lear</i> 178   |
| We read together . . . . .                   | <i>Lord Houghton</i> 178  |
| What are we set on earth for? . . . . .      | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 206 |
| What is a Church? . . . . .                  | <i>Crabbe</i> 212         |
| When some dear human friend . . . . .        | <i>C. Tennyson</i> 225    |
| Within the Cretan cavern's shade . . . . .   | <i>J. Anstice</i> 243     |
| Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow . . . . .    | <i>Keats</i> 243          |
| Who read a chapter . . . . .                 | <i>G. Herbert</i> 264     |
| When the dimpled water . . . . .             | <i>J. Ingelow</i> 276     |
| What would this man . . . . .                | <i>Pope</i> 296           |
| Wherefore shrink and say . . . . .           | <i>J. Keble</i> 306       |
| What! and shall He wait . . . . .            | <i>J. Ingelow</i> 308     |
| What time my heart unfolded . . . . .        | <i>J. H. Newman</i> 312   |
| Weave the wild dance . . . . .               | <i>J. Anstice</i> 350     |
| What heart of rock . . . . .                 | <i>Milton</i> 360         |
| Weep not for me . . . . .                    | <i>J. H. Newman</i> 367   |
| What of the night . . . . .                  | <i>F. G. Lee</i> 371      |
| We watched her breathing . . . . .           | <i>T. Hood</i> 378        |

## Y

|                                            |                           |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Ye flaming powers . . . . .                | <i>Milton</i> 1           |
| You know her meek sister? . . . . .        | <i>Thom</i> 6             |
| Yes, it was the mountain echo . . . . .    | <i>Wordsworth</i> 181     |
| Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay . . . . . | <i>Shenstone</i> 224      |
| Ye were mine . . . . .                     | 240                       |
| Yes! in the sea of life en-isled . . . . . | <i>M. Arnold</i> 257      |
| "Yes," I answered you last night . . . . . | <i>E. B. Browning</i> 340 |
| Ye powers who rule the tongue . . . . .    | <i>Cowper</i> 358         |
| Yes, the year is growing old . . . . .     | <i>Longfellow</i> 379     |

THE END.





Preservation Technologies  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

Preservation Technologies  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

Preservation Technologies  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

Preservation Technologies  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

Preservation Technologies  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 999 624 0